VOL. LXVII.—No 872 AUGUST 18, 1920 AS A NEWSPAPER.

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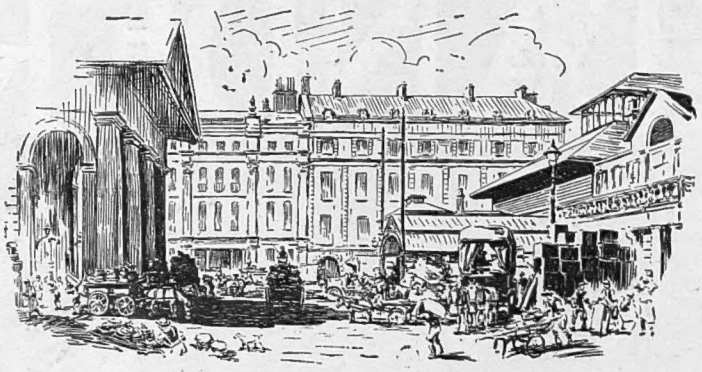

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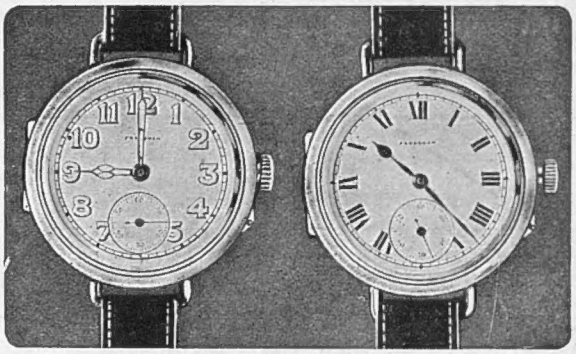

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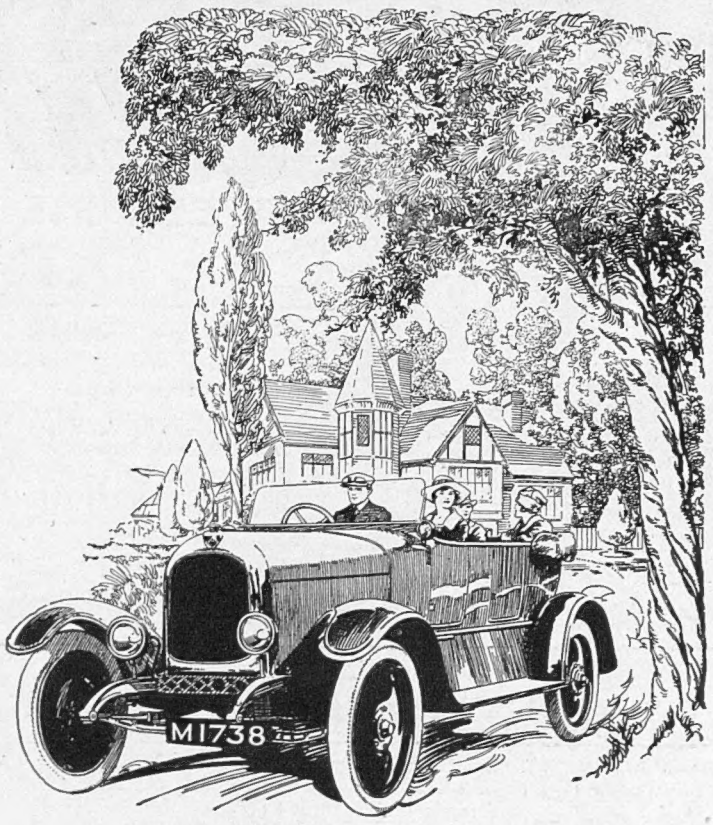

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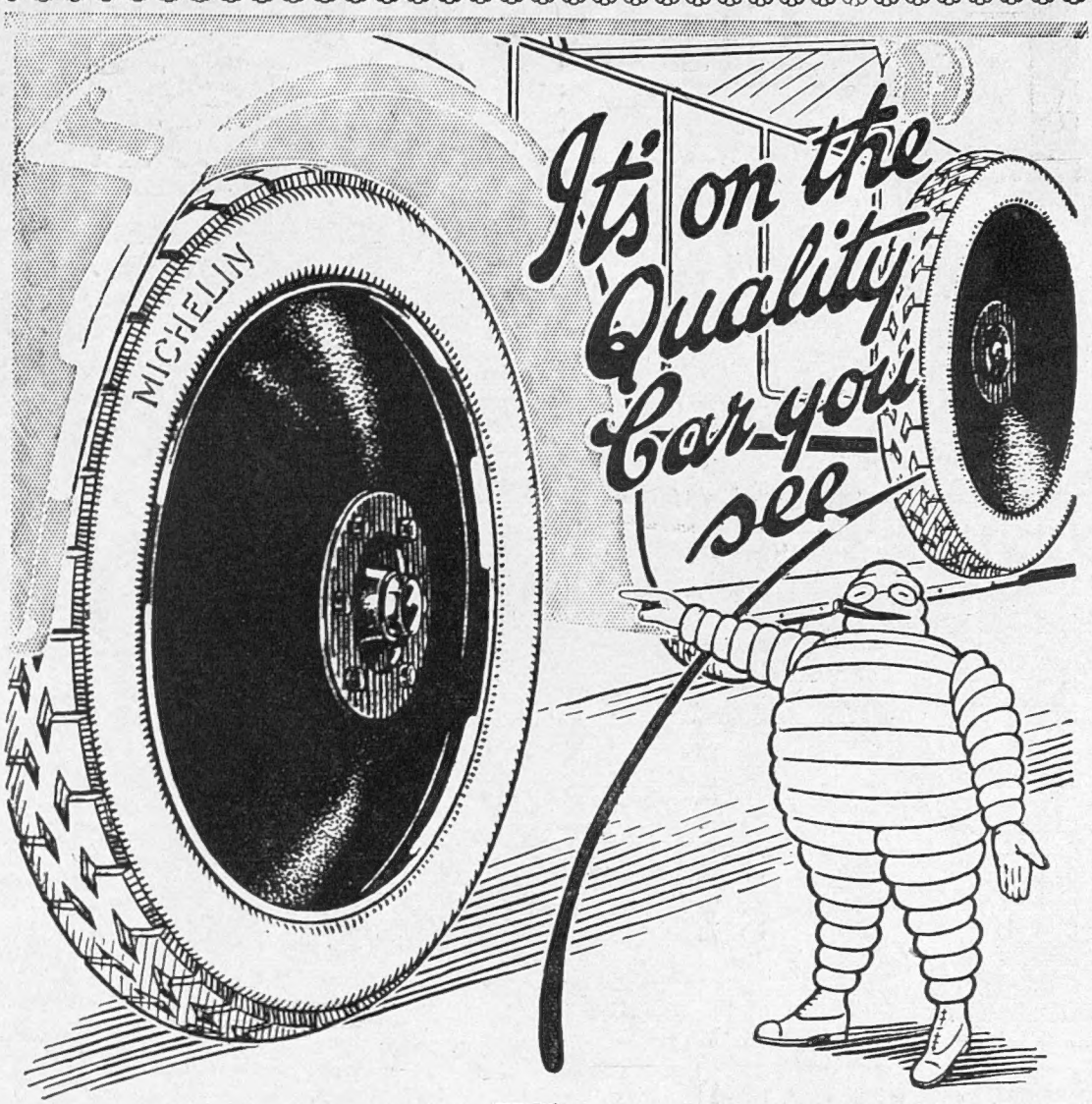

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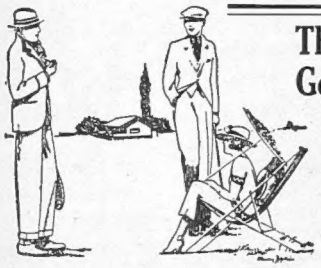

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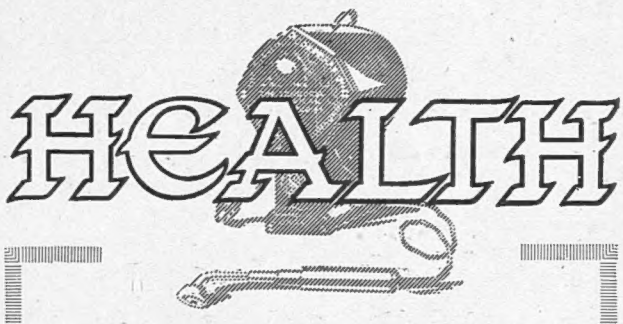

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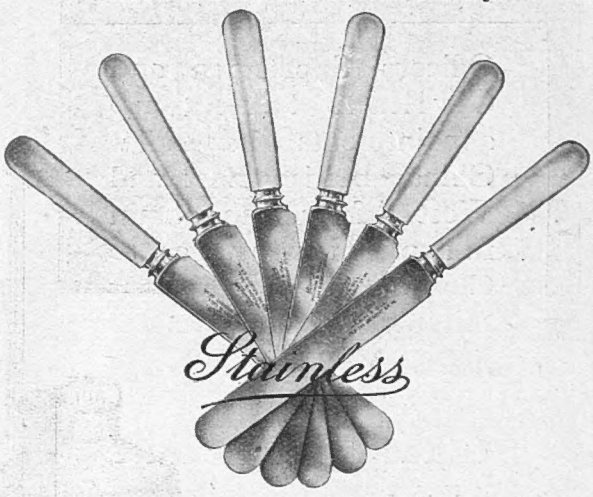

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Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress, if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

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Use it twice daily, year in and year out. Wet your brush in cold water, place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on it, then brush your teeth up and down. Use a rolling motion to clean the crevices. Brush the grinding and back surfaces of the teeth. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush—gently at first—until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger instead of the brush. If gum shrinkage has already set in, use Forhan's according to directions, and consult a dentist immediately for special treatment.

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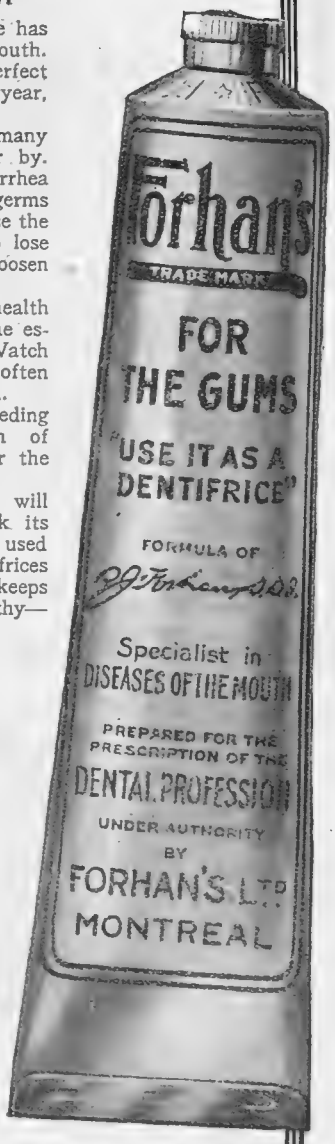
If your Chemist cannot supply you, send direct to THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4., who will forward a tube for 2/6, post free.



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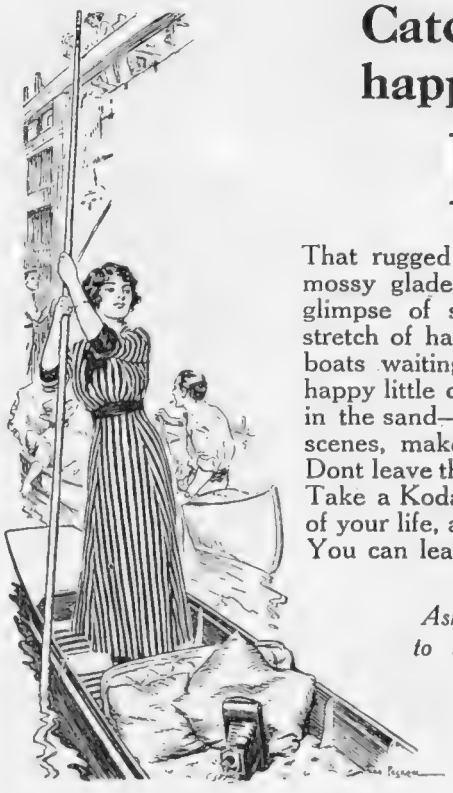

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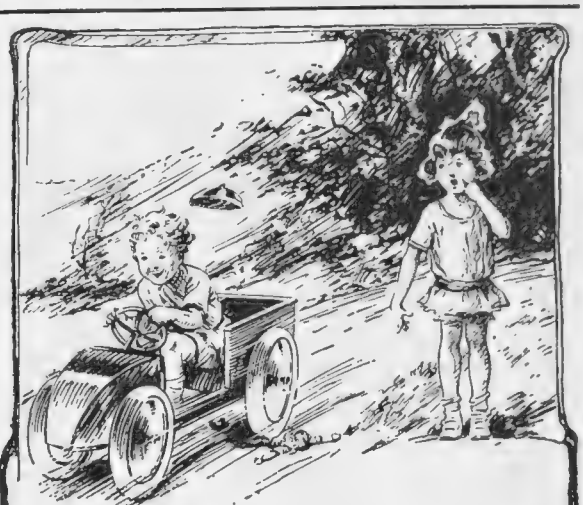

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The Bystander, August 18, 1920. No. 872. Vol. LXVII.

The BYSTANDER

BY FRED BUCHANAN

"MIXED BATHING"

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Always the best Variety Entertainment in London.
Three Performances Daily.
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[By A. E. W. MASON]
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Another Bathing Picture

IN the matter of bathing, civilisation for generations lagged most lamentably behind its general advance in other directions. Only a very few years ago, really, the present number of THE BYSTANDER would have been as unthinkable as, say, Lady Astor in the House of Commons would have been to your grandmother, or a sharrabang to Mr. Weller, sen. In the matter of bathing, at all events, the advance is very much to the good. There can be no doubt as to what was the matter in the dark old days of not so very long ago. Woman was denied that on preserving which England has prided herself for centuries—the "Freedom of the Seas." Certainly she was allowed to enter them. But how? Look on the pictures in these pages, and then on the one that I shall try to pen. It is a horrible vision that I am going to conjure up.

Those Gowns!—

PICTURE to yourself the ladies' bathing-machines, drawn up on the least desirable part of the beach. It is the most sheltered, perhaps, and on that account the waves are more full of sand and grit. The machines are in charge of one or two terrible females, semi-marine monsters, damp, frowsy, and bearded. Weighted down with stones, there are spread to dry upon the beach some strange-looking things, the purpose of which would sadly puzzle you, my dear young lady of twenty, who had your swim this morning with the other boys and girls. These dull dark blue, brown, grey, or black objects are not, as you might well suppose, coverings for the floors of those bathing-machines, although they are just about the same size and shape. Look closely, and you will see that they are double; one end is left open, the other is sewn up, except for an opening in the centre; the sides are sewn up, except for an opening in each rather below the opening at the one end. These apertures are for the head and arms of a human being. These strange things are garments. Women's garments. *They are ladies' bathing gowns!*

—And Sponge-Bags!

ENVELOPED in one of these, the invention, surely, of the greatest misogynist that ever lived, and with their heads wrapped in ill-fitting sponge-bags, the women of England bathed. In those days there was no one to teach them to swim. They were not taught at school, and their bit of the bathing beach and their drop of the bathing sea were taboo to every male over ten. But, anyway, how could the poor dears learn to swim dressed, as they were, more suitably for a sack-race than anything else?

"Ring, a Ring o' Roses"

THE bathing rite was in keeping with the vestments. Taking hold of the free end of a rope attached to the bathing-machine, the poor lady, like a dog chained to his kennel, waded out the length of her tether, and then, always clutching the rope, bobbed up and down until it was time to come out. Some, more daring, would abandon their ropes and, joining hand-in-hand in "a ring, a ring o' roses" fashion, would bob up and down in company instead of alone. This caused much merriment, great laughter, and squealing. A few, the most daring of all and regarded with awed admiration, could turn on their backs and float. But everything had to be done within the length of the bathing rope. Otherwise there would be harsh cries from the semi-marine monsters ashore. In the shallow water at times the bobbing up and down would cause a ballooning of the bathing-gowns, most inelegant.

"Triangles"

SUCH was the ceremonial of woman's bathe not many years ago—the back numbers of *Punch* will bear witness that I tell the truth. It was often accompanied by the terrified shrieks of infants being "ducked" by the semi-marine monsters. Clad as they were, it is small wonder that women had no wish to be seen by, or to mix with, their husbands, brothers, or men friends during their bobbing bathe. Indeed, at this time the men were not yet ready for social intercourse while bathing. Their costume, all right amongst themselves, was hardly the thing for "calling." Kipling's Fuzzy Wuzzy in his "twisty

By W. E. WIGFULL

AUGUST, 1920: THE FIRST EXCURSION TRAIN

bit of rag," which was " nothing much in front and rather less than 'alf of that be'ind," would have blushed to charge a British square, let alone a seaside promenade, in the scanty triangular clout, then the only wear for the bathing man.

An Unmixed Blessing

MIXED bathing, on the whole, can fairly claim to be an unmixed blessing. There may be a few indiscreet people. There are everywhere—even in the ranks of Borough Councillors. To-day, freed from the tyranny of the bathing-rope, and emancipated from the clinging toils of that unspeakable " bathing-gown," women can use, what we always really knew she possessed, her legs, and swim in the sea. Well, she does it, and good it is for her. To-day she swims prodigious distances in the Thames and Seine, trains for the Cross-Channel swim, and competes at the Olympic Games. Not a bad record in such a few years. Artistically, of course, the change is nothing short of miraculous. Instead of being a blot upon the seascape, women to-day adorn it; and I am sure that old Ocean's " countless smile " is ever so much wider and cheerier on account of it.

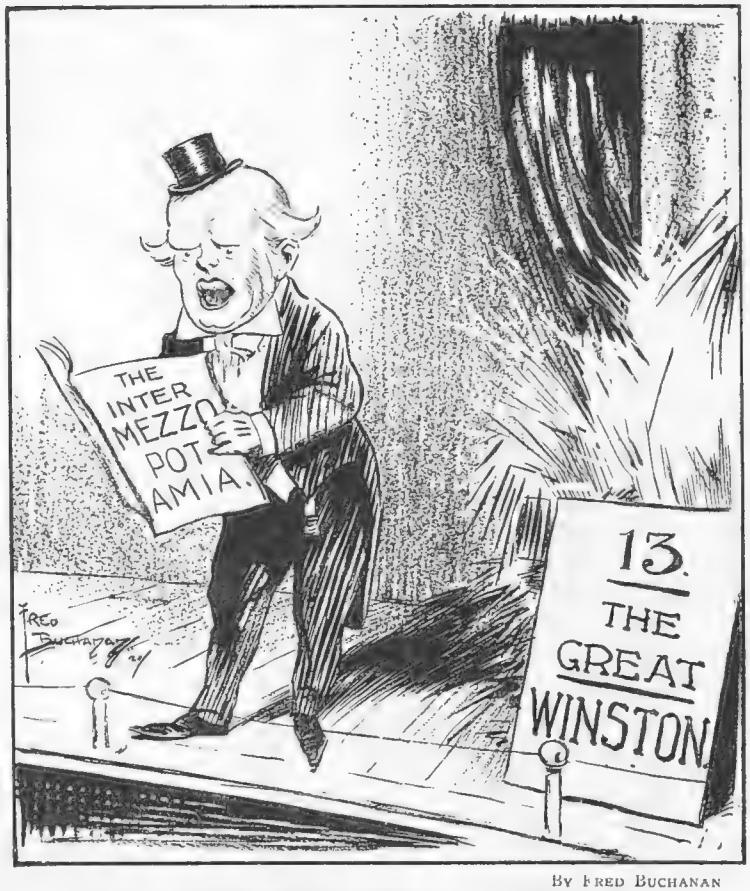
I applaud even the lovely lady who, in a ravishing bathing costume, corseted and complexioned, never so much as dampens her dainty slipper. She is a decoration—and none can complain of the scantiness of *her* rig.

J. L. Toole's Story

AND, in spite of all the Borough Councillors in Christendom, I make bold enough to maintain that mixed bathing, as well as being physically and artistically beneficial, is also morally so. In another generation or so there will be none left of that type of female mind of which J. L. Toole used to tell a story. He and a friend used to take their morning dip from a boat at a spot which happened to be just in front of rooms occupied by two ladies. After a little while they received a note of protest from the dames. Toole and friend, anxious to oblige, next morning rowed themselves out a considerable distance before taking off their dressing-gowns and diving into the sea. They returned, feeling very virtuous, but on the following day got another note from the ladies, who complained that they could still see them quite clearly " with their opera-glasses."

"Honi Soit——"

IN all the talk and argufying about modern bathing no one seems to have mentioned the great benefits that man has derived from it. It has really taught him to swim, too. In my recollection there was always a fair number of men and boy swimmers, more boys than men, perhaps. But they were a very long way from being the majority. It is not so long ago that swimming anything like decently was, even for men, an "accomplishment." To-day a young fellow must swim. He can't hang round " splashing " with Maude and Mary saying *au revoir* as they pass him with a fast side-stroke. Even the little chap is better off. Instead of being half-drowned by a semi-marine monster, mother or sister can take him in capable hands. Soon everyone will swim; and swim together. *Honi soit qui mal y pense!*



By Fred Buchanan

"I'LL SING THEE SONGS OF ARAB(Y)S!"

The Bolshevic Bolster

THE whole Russo-Polish business serves to remind us that Bolshevism is very much like a bolster, or like one of those gibbeted sacks of straw which the young British soldier training for the Great War used to prod with his bayonet. He could begin plunging at it with the dawn, and go on plunging at it till darkness fell without making the very slightest impression on it. Indeed, while it came up smiling, the bayoneter had to fall back exhausted.

"Boney" and the Bolster

THE resisting character of the bolster is not, of course, due, as I feel sure Mr. Lansbury believes, to the inherent virtues of Bolshevism. It was just the same in the days of Czardom at its very worst, and arises out of the vast physical size of Russia, where the lone and level plains and snows stretch far away like the sands round the broken statue of the scornful Ozymandius in Shelley's haunting lines. Bonaparte had a go at the bolster—and the retreat from Moscow was the result. In exactly the same

By E. T. Reed

MANNIX THROUGH THE AGES; OR, THE TRAVELLER WHOSE DESTINATION WAS ALWAYS DECIDED FOR HIM

way, while the Russians won no great victories against Germany in the Great War, they broke her.

"Punch, Brothers, Punch!"

NOTWITHSTANDING all this, the Allies have spent millions in punching Slavdom even since the Bolshies came into power. In fact, when Mars betakes himself to Muscovy he seems inevitably to become Micawber. The Russian *ignis fatuus* has tempted the Allies to go on punching, and they have thrown their money and Koltchak and Denikin into the flames. Then the Poles, true dreamers of dreams, like every Slav, have had their bout at it—with the terrible result they, and we, know. And now the French have convinced themselves that Wrangel is to give the bolster the knock-out blow. Wrangle is, boomerang-wise, the result among the Allies, for America maintains unimpaired "its faith in the Russian people, in their high character, and in their future."

As It Spoke

ONE of the most curious experiences on going North is to watch how the language of the porters at the railway stations differs at almost every big stopping-place. When you come, say, to Newcastle, you are peculiarly conscious of this, and by the time you are across the Border the "brogue," as the Londoner will call it, is in full blast. Place names in particular are a great puzzle. You'll find a curious language spoke, and all the "r's" are harder; while "Auchtermuchty" is a joke, there's more, like "Auchterarder." But most of all you wonder why "Milngavie" is pronounced "Millguy."

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Councillor—

We are a most curious people. For years past mixed bathing has been as ordinary and usual as Monday following Sunday, not only on the seashore, but in the swimming-baths in towns. In the beginning the Chadbands of this world, "local authorities," and others who were convinced that men and women—especially the men—were born to evil as the sparks fly upward raised Mrs. Grundyish hands in horror. Mixed bathing! It was the beginning of the end of the country. The tide would be so shocked that it would go out and never come back again!

Those of you who are old enough will remember the outcry. It died, stifled by commonsense, and we have all been bathing with our mothers, our sisters, our cousins, our aunts, and our best girls for years and years, and nobody thinks any more of it than a game of tennis. Now, just because a town councillor is of the opinion that mixed bathing spoils a girl's chances of matrimony he has been elevated into a sort of censor of mixed bathing. Day by day he is permitted to air his opinion upon the bathing in various seaside resorts in the pages of a daily contemporary. That is where we English are so odd—and so stupid.

If you differ from the majority of your neighbours and talk out of the top of your head at an urban council meeting of a little town, what authority does that give you to ram your opinion down other people's throats, as if you were a sort of Daniel? Yet this is precisely what has happened with Councillor Clark.

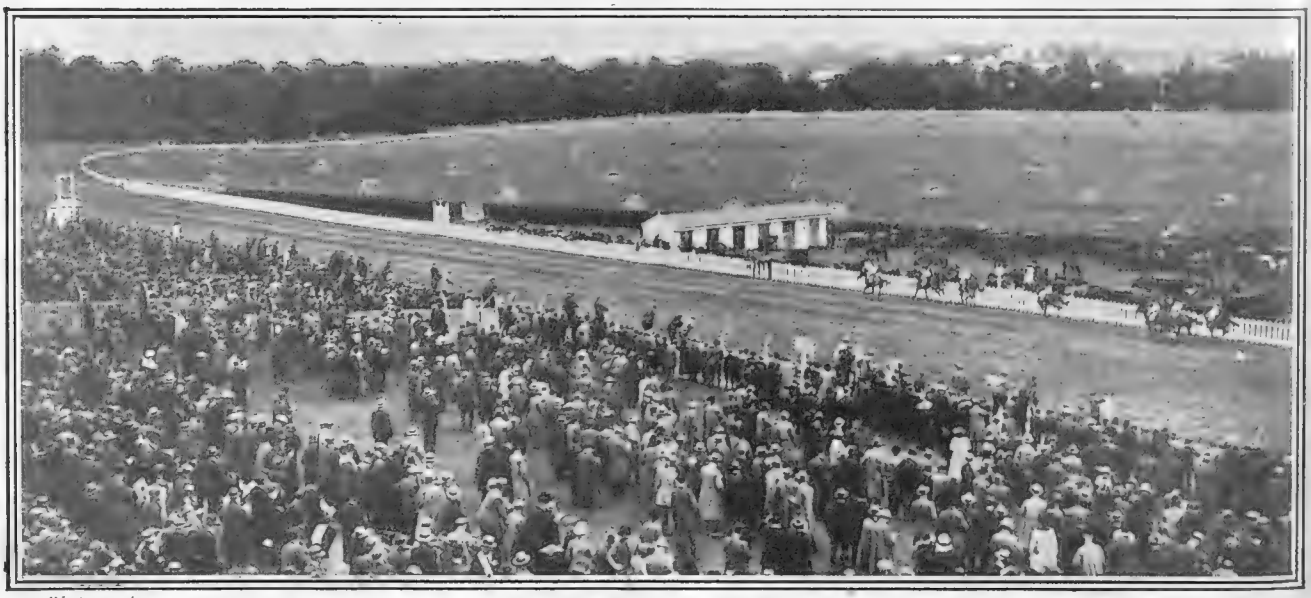
Photograph *Topical*

THE LATE MR. WALTER WINANS

The famous millionaire horse-breeder, marksman, sculptor, author, whose death, we regret to announce, took place suddenly while driving in a trotting race, at Parsloe's Park, on Thursday last

—And "Mixed Doubles"

A provincial nobody whose idea of woman is clearly that of the old Spaniards with regard to their Queens—"The Queen of Spain has no legs,"



Photograph *Sport and General*

LEOPARDSTOWN RACES: THE FINISH OF THE TWO-YEAR-OLD SELLING PLATE

This race was won by Mr. B. M. Slocock's "Grove Lily" which is seen just pass the post by the rails. It is obvious from the crowd in the paddock that Irish troubles have not yet affected Irish racing to any extent

Photograph *Sport & General*

LORD ENNISKILLEN

Leaving the Stewards Stand at Leopardstown races last week

Photograph *Sport & General*

AT DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

General Sir Ian Hamilton with Mrs. Bennett and Miss Olive Wyndham, all members of the Viceregal Party

sits up and talks rubbish, and, hey presto! he becomes a sort of authority and recognised critic on a custom that has become universal. And a twenty-year-old controversy is dragged from its tomb. It is astonishingly absurd. But the giant gooseberry and the sea-serpent are exploded myths, so I suppose Councillor Clark and his odd ideas are taking their place.

Photographs *Central News and Sport & General*

LORD RATHDONNELL, PRESIDENT OF THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW

With Captain Cecil Featherstonehaugh at Ballsbridge on the opening day of the Show. Inset above are Lady Powerscourt and Major Straker

A History of Bathing

THE whole question of bathing in England is really very amusing. Sea-bathing first became fashionable in the reign of George III., because that monarch was ordered a daily dip. The waters around Weymouth received the Royal person. Fashionable doctors ordered fashionable patients the same treatment. Ladies and gentlemen of quality journeyed to seaside places just as we now go to Bath, Harrogate, or Woodhall Spa. The sea-bath was a treatment.

Honeymoon—

LORD AND LADY MONTAGU OF BEAULIEU

On their honeymoon at Beaulieu Palace, Hampshire. They are here seen by Beaulieu Lake

But how shall I tell it to you? If Councillor Clark reads these lines I beg him to skip this portion of my shocking narrative. Majesty itself, Majesty's sons and daughters, the most noble lords and ladies, the most reputable of the landed gentry and their better halves, bathed in the sea even as Diana or Adam and Eve before the adventure with the apple. Bathing costumes were not then invented.

Hooded Beauty

NATURALLY the men bathed in one spot, the ladies in another, and as remote as possible—hence the custom that obtained before we learnt commonsense and had mixed bathing, of the two bathing places being about a mile apart at most seaside places. The huge hoods over the seaward door of bathing-machines that you see in the pictures in early numbers of *Punch* were a survival of the eighteenth century method. Beauty descended from its machine into the water hidden from all view by the hood. Nothing could possibly be seen of Beauty beyond Beauty's head emerging from beneath the hood. But she was robed only by the water. Yet nobody wrote letters to the newspapers about it. Perhaps it was because minding other people's business was not so general as it is to-day.

The Montagu-Crake Wedding

IF anyone had predicted—say fifteen years ago — that St Margaret's, Westminster, would be filled to overflowing for a wedding in the second week of August he would have been numbered amongst the falsest of prophets. But August has ceased to be the old August under the new conditions, and the wedding of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and Miss Pearl Crake last week might have been in the middle of the season.

—Wedding—

"The Twelfth"

WHAT the descriptive reporter calls "the great London termini" were *choc-à-bloc* with people, guns, and baggage all the three days preceding St. Grouse's Day—that is the "termini" from which you go to Scotland and the North. Until I went to see off a lucky friend who has a witty tongue, an immovable cheerfulness of temper, and consequently—and deservedly—is a valuable asset in every house-party, I didn't know there were so many people left who had so much money. First-class fares and sleepers—and at the new rates—seemed like buying tooth-brushes to the two hundred and odd folk who crammed the train. And some of them were the oddest figures. You know the type—bursting with a grievance about their sleeping bunk before they get out of their motor at the station entrance.

But we must be charitable. I would wager a goodly sum—if there weren't any rate-collectors or income-tax people—that next year you will see these oddly bedizened folk make the same journey in the quiet garb of ordinary folk like you and me.

The Latest

A RECENT newspaper headline ran, "Greeks Take Enos"—an island in the Ægean Sea. It is said that the occupation was carried out by a single, but very efficient, draft of "old salts."

—And Honeymoon

Photographs] **LIEUT.-COMMANDER AGAR, V.C., AND HIS BRIDE** [*G. P. U.*

The Baroness Furnivall, honeymooning by the sea at a South Coast resort. Above is a photograph of Mr. M. R. Hely-Hutchinson, son of Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, with his bride, Miss Melita Keppel, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, after their wedding last week

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM

THE BYSTANDER

ILLUSTRATED BY

BUTTERFLY

HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *August* 16

DEAR COUSIN—

SEEMS very difficult, doesn't it, to be in anything but a holiday mood these August days, when all the British world, or most of it, by tradition immemorial makes holiday? The factories don't stop, the offices don't close, wars are not held up for its sweet sunny, rainy, baking, shivering sake. Yet, all the same, it is in a sort of a way, even if for some of us only in imagination, a break, a pause. . . .

卐 卐

WHEN for a little while the web of work and worry that we have woven round ourselves is swept down and flicked away, the chains which we have forged for ourselves smashed like brittle glass and flung down in a corner of the cell—making us wonder, perhaps, how we could so slavishly, so long, have endured our servitude. When at last we let ourselves loose for a space into the region of sensation, to drink in the little simple sweet sights and sounds of nature and enjoy the real life, the life that is not made with hands:

> Oh summer sun, O moving trees!
> What hour shall Fate in all the future find,
> Or what delights, ever to equal these:
> Only to taste the warmth, the light, the wind,
> Only to be alive, and feel that life is sweet?

卐 卐

AND of all the magic solutions of all the weary, dusty problems of life, there's none, surely, so wonderful, so utterly and rapturously clear and complete as to plunge joyously and carelessly into the live, tingling sea. You are not in the world or out of it. Poised, without cares or encumbrances, in the aloof yet friendly waters, you can defy fortune and sniff high Olympian joys all in one. You envy no one, and no man is your master. The tiny cares and paltry passions of mere ordinary life seem to slip away into nothingness. Everything is simplified, rarefied, cleansed.

"Bathing inspectors"

卐 卐

ALAS and alack! that there should be serpents and Tonbridge Councillors in this crystal, sparkling Eden! Not that we need really lose much sleep about *them*, need we, if they *do* insist on the sacred duty of having bathing inspectors and costume censors on every beach. Sometimes wonder, I do, by the way, if they're so ashamed of their bodies, these so very pure souls, how they can bear to feed them and dress them, or, in fact, have 'em about the place at all?

卐 卐

BUT unregenerate human nature, I'm afraid, goes on carrying on much as before, and almost as if they really *weren't* there. Still:

> Unconscious of their horrid crime,
> The little victims play.

Still, reckless of its "debasing influence," we continue to indulge with brazen enjoyment in the shocking practice of mixed bathing, and even to sun ourselves quite happily on the hot sand afterwards, oblivious

A partner for sixpence

of the fact that "neither from a moral nor an ordinary decent point of view" should such dastardly behaviour be allowed. Still—even more frightful to relate—may positively even "men in clerical garb" be found "watching the bathing and countenancing it by their presence." Oh, cousin, this really is a very bad, bad world!

A typical party of Hun tourists in possession"

A CHEERFUL one, though, you know, on the whole, and perhaps wise, after all, in its simple popular philosophy of plucking its simple pleasures while it may, despite "scandals" and war scares, prudes, and politicians:

Our little hour, how swift it flies
When poppies flare and lilies smile;
How soon the fleeting minute dies,
Leaving us but a little while
To dream our dream, to sing our song,
To pick the fruit, to pluck the flower
The Gods, they do not give us long—
One little hour.

卐 卐

OR, as John Masefield puts it in those most lovely brave words of his:

Laugh and be merry together,
Like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms
Of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops
And the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played;
And be you merry, my friends.

卐 卐

TALKING of dancing, yes, we do still dance here and there here in London now, even with half the world (and wife) on holiday. Sometimes even travelling—a little furtively, perhaps—to that far-off resort of the spacious floor and democratic assembly, whose motto is (as per prospectus):

Discard Sadness—Enjoy Gladness,
Indulge in Madness (without Badness)—

and where you can (if you like) buy perfectly good partners at the desk for sixpence a time.

YOU see some strange things in August, though, meseems. The Navy up at Cambridge, for instance, where it's quartered (some of it) for the Long Vac. to improve its mind—and at one college found itself not merely under stern and immutable injunction to be in by ten o'clock punct. every night, but chastened and uplifted by the company of some four-score parsons, up for a conference. Think of it!

卐 卐

AND another rather startling holiday shock must have been that ex-officer's who, climbing Helvellyn the other day, found when he reached the summit a typical party of German tourists in possession, enjoying themselves in typical Hun fashion with rapt and raucous exclamations of *Prachtvoll!* and *Kolossal!*

卐 卐

LOVELY to think, isn't it, that we're at peace again . . . that is . . . well, our brother Hun—whom Winston offered the other day such a wonderful "choice" and "chance of self-redemption"—seems *quite* prepared to share peace (and plenty) with us, anyway. Though some stiff-necked persons amongst *us* still hold that it wouldn't be at all a bad scheme to bar the Hun *and* his works (including his horrible language) from our shores altogether for, at any rate, a term of years. That *was* rather the idea, you know, even among "responsible politicians," in those distant days when the War and all it meant was still a vivid reality and a white-hot flame.

卐 卐

A dug-up tin helmet here and there crowning the sheaves"

BUT the grass grows quickly, and the poppies of forgetfulness spring silently and swiftly up over our memories, as over the fields of France. Where already in many places the scars and gashes of war are all but hidden—trenches filled up, and over them crops growing, and only a dug-up tin helmet here and there crowning the sheaves, as visible sign of our men's heroic deeds on those proud, tragic fields, where:

They poured their spirits out in pride,
They throbbed away the price of years;
Now that dear ground is glorified
With dreams, with tears.

A flower there is sown, to bud
And bloom beyond our loss and smart:
Noble France, at its root is blood
From England's heart.

卐 卐

THAT, at least, is a memory which never, never, I hope, we shall let die—that our men and the men of France fought side by side.

With love, yours ever, BLANCHETTE

William Busby No Longer "Private"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

Old Bill doesn't object to mixed bathing, but he does hate publicity when learning to swim

"A LITTLE THING IT WAS HE ASKED" By Thomas Henry

The Child: "Boo-ooh!—the sea's spoilin' my castle. Make it go back, daddy!"
The Mother: "Whatever does the child want, George? For peace and quietness sake—humour the child"

The Sardine Sway

(An intellectual dance—based on the best contemporary models)

By A. P. HERBERT

I waited for the train
at Hammersmith:
I hung with sixteen others on a strap,
And came to Kensington: and there I shaped
The City's daily torment into this:—

Jim-my Brown
Went to town
Ev-ery day from Turnham Green:
And he found
The Underground
Was a whole-time job for a trained sardine.
Jimmy was a first-class Jazz-boy,
As all the best boys are,
But when he began, you see,
Swaying, swaying like a mango-tree,
"This is the step," he said, "for me,"
And shouted down the car:
"Hurry on, please.
Come and have a squeeze!
Sway a bit, shove a bit,
Reel a bit, roll a bit,
Honey, honey, love me,
Take my strap, dear.
O what bliss! Cuddle and kiss—
That's what we do all day:
Who'd go Jazzing? Why, I simply couldn't stick it.
You can get more fun for a fourpenny ticket,
If you all do the sardine sway."

"Everybody's in this—come along, girls—
Labour M.P.'s and miserable Earls.
Don't bring a rug, for we're all quite snug,
Life in here is a great big hug.
Don't come out in your best old suiting,
Don't have breakfast on a bun:
Don't be surprised if you see some shooting,
Bring a little brandy and a good large gun.
Take your tonic in the morning,
And try to be as beefy as you can,
For you can't go far in the sardine car
If you're only a C3 man."

"O, my word!
Here's another herd.
Hurry off the car, please,
Further up the car, please,
Heads down, stack 'em in,
Pull 'em in, pack 'em in
(Who would imagine that the world embraces
So many people with *attaché* cases?)
Sway a little, shove a little,
Bite a little, barge a little,
There goes Gloucester Road. Who's for Dixie?
Honey, here's a seat. Isn't it sweet,
Four-and-twenty City men standing on your feet?
Could such joy ever cloy? (Naughty boy!)
That's what I want to say.
Why waste money at a place like Ciro's?
Come right in with the District heroes.
Come and do the syncopated sardine shuffle.
Come and do the Sardine Sway."

The Bystander "Cairo to Cape" Flight

BY LIEUT.-COL. E. G. O. BEUTTLER

No. XVIII.—"A FORCED LANDING—BY PARACHUTE"

All the Fun of the Bathe—In a Variety

1820 MEETS

A "SHOP GIRL" ON A "BUS"

But the "bus" is not one of the kind you find upon the Strand—though it is said that the charming damsel at the wheel is not unknown at the Gaiety Theatre. Above is a young water nymph at Herne Bay

"OVER SHE GOES!"

A little healthy exercise before the dip

# of Costume and Circumstance

ON THE SHORE

"SCOOTING" DOWN TO BATHE
A fair bather on the sands at Cowes

A RIVER GIRL
Who finds that a tree sometimes makes an excellent diving board—and also a good place on which to "pose" for a jolly picture. Above is a strongly contrasted bathing costume—not, we imagine, suitable for much swimming—worn by an equally charming girl

Berlin's Seaside Suburb at Play

BY THE BYSTANDER BACKED-OUT-OF-BERLIN

BERLIN has two suburbs: Charlottenburg, west of the umbrageous Tiergarten, and Heringsdorf-on-Baltic. Heringsdorf is the greater. It means "Herring Village"; and it sprawls near Swinemuende (which means Swine's Mouth) in a neat elbow-bend of the saltless Pomeranian Bay. It is overwhelmingly Berlinese. Its winter population is fifty tin-skinned herring-hunters (twelve children apiece), speaking Pomeranian with a Swedish drone; its summer population is 200 Berlin hotel-sharks, maintained by 20,000 Berlin holiday-makers (nine children apiece), speaking oleaginous Brandenburg jargon with a Berlin bark.

THE Bystander-Backed-Out-of-Berlin came to suburban Heringsdorf because he'd already (as described in THE BYSTANDER) sampled Danzig Free State's Zoppot; lost two thousand marks in the local gambling-hell; and been baulked in his plan to return thither and lose another two thou. He was actually entering the Danzig train when frenetic Zoppot refugees rushed up to report that the gambling-hell was closed. The Free (and Easy) State (they retailed, with lamentations), having waxed insupportably portly out of its gambling-hell, suddenly resolved to be thin and virtuous, and closed the poor hell for ever. So the B.-B.-Out-of-B. made instead for Berlin's Baltic suburb. He expected much. Experts vowed that Heringsdorf is Prussland's warmest 'spot; that its *Kurhaus* shelters a gambling hell fully equal to Zoppot's; that living's so cheap that after losing all your cash, your diamonds, and your spare socks at roulette, you have 2,875 per cent. more money than when you arrived; and—fairest of all rich prospects—that Herr Reichs-President Ebert would come along, and bathe in the brief, bright-crimson breecheslets which filled the illustrated journals in mild 1919.

TO-DAY the disillusioned B.-B.-Out-of-B. wants to take the next suburban train back to his metropolitan flat. His first discovery was that Heringsdorf's gambling-hell has been closed; and that the insensate *Kurhaus* administration imagines that it compensates for this outrage by converting its reading-room into an evening bar. And Ebert has not come—his brief, bright-crimson breecheslets, full of vain zephyrs, sway disconsolately on a clothes-line in his Wilhelmstrasse garden. And the twenty thou. Berliners haven't come. At least, only a quarter of them. They are frightened away by the cheapness—150 marks a day for board and lodging, which, though mere almsgiving for a Briton with his BYSTANDER Bradburys soaring towards 170 marks each, is *some* cash for a middle-class Berliner with 3,000 marks income a month. And when, on last April Fool's Day, the Prussic-acid Railway Minister raised his fares another 100 per cent., all Prussic watering, gambling, jazzing, spooning, hill-climbing, and other holiday resorts were doomed.

HERINGSDORF is tolerable. Being Berlin-suburban, it's not as *smartisch* as North-Sea Norderney, where the waves are salt, and Prince Buelow lends tone. And the Baltic's tame. Heringsdorf's attractions are: beach, presentable beeches, and a pair of hills rather higher than the stairs down which THE BYSTANDER editor drops England's best poets. To negotiate the hills fittingly, the Heringsdorf-Berliner dons curt, Tyrolean breeches and a cock's feather. (He brings no ice-axe.) Heringsdorf is honestly suburban. Berlin's home suburbs dazzle with cafés, kinos, cabarets, casinos (why do they run alliteratively?). Heringsdorf-suburb teems with the same bright things. And the *Kurhaus* band blares melodies six hours daily; and winds up conqueringly with the Watch on the Rhine.

HERINGSDORF'S other attraction is its bathing. You can bathe in the sea from a beach; you can bathe—in a pond—from a beech; you can bathe (surreptitiously, and at 5 a.m.) from a pier. The bathing establishment sports a warning that "Persons swimming more than fifty metres from the shore lose their legal right to assistance if in danger." This means that when, with your lungs full of ooze and your brain of thrilling memories of childhood, you come to the surface for the third and last time, the excited Bath-Master, determined to save you if he can without breaking the law, invites the Town Surveyor to come along with his instruments for trigonometrical distance-measurement. But an even neater inscription adorns the pier. It's underneath a barometer. It reads, "Presented as token of friendship by Emil Robin, Paris"; and is dated July 26, 1914. The B.-B.-Out-of-B. is enquiring whether M. Emil Robin got back to Paris before August 1; or whether, as a token of friendship, he spent four years in Ruhleben Camp.

HERINGSDORF has *modish* bathing-costumes. *Smartisch!* Ladies wear tight, horizontally-barred maillot; men wear tight, horizontally barred maillot; but with them the unwritten law is to drop the garment to the waist. Their manners are seemly and dignified; and if you see them slapping playfully the back of some stout swimming virgin, you may be sure she's a sister, a *fiancée*, or at least a maiden aunt.

HERE are two Prussic kino stars, Mienert and George Jacoby, who are famous in Central Europe, but have not yet risen over the horizon of the Entente-Robber-Countries. The ultra-youthful wife of the keeper of the American Bar complains to the B.-B.-Out-of-B. that she has never seen these Orbs of the Cellulose Film; because the new Prussic Law, which forbids children under eighteen to enter a cinema-hall, forgot to make an exception for children under eighteen who are married, and, therefore, already demoralised to the full limits of the possible.

Luck!

BY HEATH ROBINSON

THE DIVER: "Thank Heaven, it's a soft roe!"

The Genie of the Degchi*

By PAMELA WYNNE

"DOLL, I'm dining at the club to-night." My husband looked across the breakfast table. "By Jove! Wali Mohomed makes these things well!"

"Yes, doesn't he?" I bit greedily into the bubbly, buttery mass. "I could live on *chupattis*; no wonder natives thrive."

"Yes, but you mind." My lord spoke with meaning.

"Mind what?" I watched him as he demolished his third.

"Mind you don't eat too many; they're full of *ghee*[1], you'll get a double chin." He watched me carefully as he spoke.

"I shan't." I spoke in anguish; it was my one terror. "All right, take it"—the fourth went the way of the third.

. . . . .

"Then you'll be in at about eleven?" I stood under a flaming canopy of gold *mohur*, watching my husband as he walked round the car. "Heavens, what a gash! I'd like to strangle this municipality." Muttered threats of vengeance came low as he took his seat at the wheel. "Get in, you idiot!" Wali Mohomed, dignified in huge puggaree, slammed the door with a profound *salaam*. "Good-bye, beloved."

They were off, a whole day to myself. I turned back into the bungalow; I would see the cook now and get it over. "John, call Antonio," I sat down at the table, pencil in hand.

"I only want an omelette, *mistri*." The little neat figure in white duck trousers and coat stood at attention. "Sahib is out to dinner."

"Very well, mem-sahib." The cheerful little copper face beamed; with the thermometer at 94 deg. in the shade, damp heat, the prospect of an evening off is welcome.

He *salaamed* and withdrew; that was done; I walked back along the matted verandah. How nice housekeeping in India is, not a bad country after all. I settled myself on the Chesterfield with a budget of letters and papers. The English mail—heavenly.

. . .

"John, I'll have dinner in here."

"Yes, mem-sahib," my Goanese butler turned swift-footed.

I looked out to where the sun set in a flaming ball. Really, India had its points. A long, lazy day lay behind me, a delicious evening stretched ahead. Bother, the telephone. I got up lazily. "Hallo" I held the receiver in languid hand.

. . . "So we'll be up in about half an hour. Bye-bye, darling."

"Oh," I rang off with despair in my heart. Really, men *were*—I flew along the verandah.

"*Mistri*." He sat on an upturned Tate sugar box, violin tucked under chin, eyes fixed on a distant palm tree. His little coast town, a baby or two, the dainty coffee-coloured wife, it was "Home, Sweet Home," he played.

I broke in on his reverie with apology in my voice. "*Mistri*, sahib bringing four sahibs home to dinner. What shall we do?"

"Very well, mem-sahib." Oh, the exquisite temper of the native servant. I pictured my reception in an English kitchen on the delivery of such news. He stood up, alert, interested. "*Chello*,"[2] he cuffed the slumbering *mate*[3], his eyes conveyed a respectful dismissal. I lingered for one last word only. "But, *mistri*, there is nothing in the house, and the sahib will be here in half an hour!"

The dismissal took to itself words. "Mem-sahib not worrying." I withdrew.

. . .

"*Mistri*, you gave us a splendid dinner. However did you do it?" Late that night I peeped into the little brick kitchen with a word of appreciation. Antonio, beads of perspiration on forehead, rose from the beloved sugar-box. "Next door cook my friend, mem-sahib." The words conveyed a world of meaning.

. . .

"I say, Antonio has run us rather fine, hasn't he?" My lord spoke complainingly, a few nights later, as a trickle of soup, two minute fragments of fish, the disintegrated carcase of a fowl, were placed before him in turn. "What's up with the man?" He looked round the crimson lamp shade, with its blurred reflection in the black polished table.

I raised my eyes from the peach I was peeling. "Next door cook my friend." The words came solemnly from my lips—then, at the mystification in his eyes, "which being interpreted is, Mrs. Deputy-Commissioner has people unexpectedly to dinner." I burst out laughing.

By Hesketh Daubeny

THE BOY WHO COULDN'T KEEP TIME

NURSE: "I'm surprised at you, Master Tommy—you naughty boy — singin' hymns and this only Wednesday afternoon"

*Cooking Pot.

1 Clarified butter.

2 Be quick.

3 Boy assistant.

"I Can Trust Myself—

BY BARRIBAL

—With This B(u)oy!"

THE GARDEN OF ALLAH

AT DRURY LANE

By "JINGLE" *Illustrated by MACMICHAEL*

GODFREY TEARLE AS BORIS.

SOME years ago Mr. Robert Hitchens' delightful novel raised a nicely controversial question, and the controversy has now been transferred to the stage. The dramatic version of the story gives us one of those strange plays which are an adroit mixture of sex and sanctity, and, therefore, by all precedent bound to be popular. The theme is one that cannot be prudently debated by the layman, although the less responsible man-in-the-street (and the lady typist in the City) will, it seems, grow quite eloquent on the moving subject. The story is, I suppose, familiar to ourselves. A young monk escapes from a monastery, falls in love and marries. At a time when his wife is in what is usually described as an interesting condition, he gets a call from his conscience that bids him return to the monastery. Should he have gone back or should he have stayed where he was?

THE pill is very liberally gilded by the spectacular effects on the stage, the scene being laid to a large extent in the desert. Thus we are able every now and then to abandon casuistry for something that is not unlike a pre-war exhibition at Earl's Court. Mr. Hitchens has his opening scene at Beni Mora, showing the verandah of the Hotel du Desert. All this sounds, of course, very far away and romantic, but I seem to identify the spot as Biskra, which, before the War, at least, was within easy reach of any cheap tripper from London. With a view to getting the right kind of local colour into the production, several members of the local ben Ahmed family have come

across to take part in it. I looked in vain for the name of Chérif ben Ahmed, the amiable guide at the Royal Hotel, who once piloted me across the desert to Sidi Okba. I think he would have made quite a picturesque figure.

IT is to Beni Mora (or Biskra) that Boris, the renegade monk, finds his way. He is not very sociable at first, indeed his manner seems a little uncouth. Also he is not, to begin with, a great conversationalist. But then the Trappists are of those who observe the excellent rule of perpetual silence. Most people talk too much, especially those who have the least to say. Boris has his first qualm of conscience when the muezzin begins to chant the call to prayer, and thus we have the quaint incongruity of the Arab invocation of Allah akbar! while the ex-monk is making the sign of the cross and reciting the Ave Maria. From this scene of general and rather obtrusive piety we come to a more worldly one—the street of the Ouled Naïls. Visitors to Biskra will remember that street, and if they are of the masculine persuasion they will remember, also, the wily diplomacy of the local guide in hinting generally that it will perhaps be better to leave the ladies behind for this particular trip.

THIS scene does not carry the action of the play very far forward. It is true that Boris appears in the street with his guide, but only to let us see that he is shocked about it. There is a touching bit of realism in the forcible ejection of a couple of jolly Chasseurs d'Afrique from a dancing hall, where they had gone doubtless (bless their hearts!) to make themselves thoroughly objectionable. The next scene shows us the interior of the dancing hall itself, with the Ouled Naïl girls doing the usual hip dance of their kind. This is all according to Cocker, and even the eccentric method of rewarding the dancer by sticking a coin upon her greasy brow is here faithfully reproduced. I was told when I was there that these girls come up from the south to Biskra to make money for a dowry, and that as soon as a girl has got a necklace consisting of three rows of gold coins, she can go back home and buy a more or less worthless husband with the money.

MADGE TITHERADGE AS DOMINI

THEN we come to the "Garden of Count Anteoni," a really beautiful scene that is greeted with liberal applause. I take it that this is the private garden just outside Biskra, with its gorgeous palms and paths of pounded sand, which is usually open to all visitors. Much trouble has clearly

been taken to reproduce the splendour of this magnificent garden with its summer house of Moorish architecture. It is here that Boris and Domini get to the kissing stage, and a finer setting for such a proceeding the most romantic could hardly desire. In the next scene the two are on their honeymoon and are living in a sort of shack in the desert with a guide and a servant or so. Boris has become quite human. We see him in a sun-helmet with a gun on his shoulder going out to kill something in the most approved fashion, but still the great interest of the play has not been reached. We are, instead, treated to a series of side-shows. There is, to begin with, a real Arab crossing the desert on his real camel. Then there is the goat-herd with his flock, and then we have more real Arabs and real camels till the plot seems to have lost itself in the panoramic effect. Then we have the sandstorm which is a most satisfying illusion. I am told that close up to the stage you get real bits of sand in your hair, while the orchestra people have to bury their faces in their fiddles to protect their eyes.

FLITTING through the story there is a genial priest, Father Roubier, admirably represented by Mr. Arthur Lewis, who strikes the keynote of the state of affairs. I do not know whether the idea is that the Arabs of those parts are being converted to Christianity, but I noticed on one occasion that Father Roubier spoke of them as "my children." I think the comment of the orthodox Mussulman on such a claim would be as interesting as it would be vigorous. Once riding across a part of the desert in a little pony-chaise I met an Arab on horseback carrying into Biskra for medical aid a man who had been rather badly shot in a bit of neighbourly gun play. I at once offered to turn about and take the wounded man back with me, but the reply, given with the utmost courtesy, was that it would be better for him to die on the road than to accept such help from a Christian. So there we are! *Salaam!*

THE chief interest centres, of course, in the performance of Mr. Godfrey Tearle as the renegade monk, Boris. In the more worldly scenes Mr. Tearle is subdued and reticent, thus admirably conveying the idea that he feels all the while guilty of some indefinable sin in being where he is. When, however, the argument begins as to whether he shall stay in the outside world, or go back to the monastery, he becomes, for a Trappist, tremendously loquacious. But it is undoubtedly a fine performance. Miss Madge Titheradge supports him admirably in the only real bit of drama in the production, which is in the final scene. The first aim of the authors (Mr. Hichens has been assisted by Miss Mary Anderson) would appear to have been not so much to build up a stirring drama as to produce some effective propaganda in the interests of a particular sect. How far it is to this extent valuable I am not in a position to appreciate. As a dramatic effort it is not, I think, to be taken very seriously. As a proselytising medium it is, of course, beyond criticism here. JINGLE.

Photograph *Horace W. Nicholls*

"BABY"

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.

'The barrow of the old marchande des quatre saisons'

"The Good Old Days"

MES AMIS—

THE greengages on the barrow of the old *marchande des quatre saisons* at the corner of the street looked so good that I have stopped to buy. "But, yes, they were ripe and fresh at the Halles that morning," she has told me, and then she has gone to wrap them in an old newspaper. "*Tiens!*" she has cried as she spread out the sheet, "*elle est morte.*" It has been so that she has learned how the Empress has been dead since some weeks.

"BUT, yes, monsieur," she has told me, "I have seen her often. Look you, I have seventy-four years, though still I push my barrow and go every morning at five o'clock to the Halles. And sixty years ago I have been a dancer at the opera." She has begun to sing low an air which is so old I did not recognise it. "Ah, monsieur," she said, "these were gay days when the Little Napoleon and the Empress came to the opera. One does not see now the like. At the Halles last week they have made a great fuss because some American who acts for the cinema has come. What behaviour. *Voyons*, it has been for me that the Empress has clapped her hands, and yet at the Halles they do not give me a reception like for that American girl who smiles pretty enough on the film, but is not an artist as we have understood in these old times."

SHE has taken another sheet of her newspapers to wrap up my greengages, so that she should read afterwards of how the Empress died. "*Quelle vie, quelle vie,*" she sighed, but it has been for the Empress and not for herself that she has had regrets, though once she has been a *danseuse* of the opera and now sells to me greengages in an old newspaper. "Monsieur," she said, "to-day I can see again the rejoicings when the little Prince has been born. How mad Paris has been. That night we have drunk so much to his good health and the *feux d'artifice* have been like never before. He would be an old man now, the little Prince, for it is very long ago. One did not think then that his life should be so short and that his mother would grow so old all alone.

"THEN there has come the War. *Mon ami* was parted *en soldat* like the Emperor and the little Prince, and I have been sad like the Empress, though we have said 'It will be in six weeks that our army will be in Berlin.' *Tiens!* I saw the *gosses* go also in 1914, and *vous savez* it has not been with less enthusiasm that we have cheered in *soixante-dix*. What agony it has been for us and for her. The Emperor was prisoner. At least he was a gentleman and did not run away from his army like that Guillaume, who shelters himself in Holland. Then the Revolution and the siege. Oh! that was horrible. They tell me that the Bertha of two years ago has fired as many shells at Paris as there were in that winter, but it has been

"Sixty years ago I have been a dancer"

(Continued on page 438)

"Peace-Time, 1920!"

A RAILROAD PATROL—WITH MACHINE GUN

Starts off from Jewie, 30 klms west of Vilna, during the recent Lithuanian advance against the Poles

A BOLSHEVIC COSSACK

At Landawarovo. Where, oh where, did he get his uniform?

Photographs *E. Berry*

A LITHUANIAN TROOP-TRAIN AT LANDAWAROVO, NEAR VILNA

Near this point Bolshevic Cavalry under Boudenny first met Lithuanian troops. Note the *German* waggons: these, it is understood, were handed over to Lithuania by the Germans after the attack on Bermondt

"The magistrate . . . has been a very conscientious man"

the cold and hunger that mattered."

∽

I HAVE thought how in this War it has been ours and yours, my friends, who had the suffering of the cold while here in Paris they were cosy enough.

∽

"OH, monsieur," said the old one, "one is a good republican, and perhaps it was that the *Espagnole* and the Emperor did not act very wise, yet one regrets the days when one did not have to sell the *reines-claudes* to make the price of one's soup, and even now it is in my heart to cry, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' Now she is dead. Perhaps soon it will be my turn. Yet even with your republic which you go to celebrate for its fifty years, one is happy if the life maintains itself. On Sunday I will go to the church and say my prayer, and if I have good profit this week I will buy a candle for the Empress."

∽

THEN she has taken her barrow and begun to cry, "*Reines-claudes, Reines-claudes bien mûres et douces.*"

∽

IF François Villon had not lived long ago and written it I am quite sure that after my talk while I have eaten the greengages I would have made the poem:

Prince, n'enquérez de semaine
Où elles sont, ni de cet an,
Que ce refrain ne vous remaine
Mais où sont les neiges d'antan!

"The martyrs . . . of the Rue de la Paix"

TO comfort myself I have gone with Gi-Gi to the Foire de Montmartre and ridden on a pig and the swing boats and laughed till we have been ill and forgotten the Empress Eugènie, and how Gi-Gi may one day be as old and ugly as the *marchande des quatre saisons*. At that fair there has been so droll a history which has made a great deal of curiosity. It has been about Jeanne and Renée, who go to be the martyrs of the fashion of Montmartre and the Rue de la Paix.

∽

THERE has been one day that they have gone together on the swing boats and it has been that two old and very correct gentlemen of the *bourgeoisie* have been standing near. They have made complaint to the police magistrate that Jeanne and Renée should not be allowed to swing with so short skirts. (Perhaps my story is too French, but it is true.)

∽

IN the court Jeanne and Renée have made the defence that everyone has dressed like they did, and the magistrate, who has been a very conscientious man and has not wished to tell them they must not swing till he has seen for himself, has gone to the fair. Afterwards he has told them that they must not swing any more till the fashion changes, and that if they do he will send them and all their *copaines* to prison.

∽

GI-GI says how that is very unjust, but for me it becomes my belief that the modesty remains only with the men, and that in Paris at least either the swing boats or the fashions must change themselves. PHILIPPE

In Paris-by-the-Sea

WHICH, IN THIS INSTANCE, IS *NOT* SYNONYMOUS WITH DEAUVILLE!

BY JEAN ROUTIER

SOME IMPRESSIONS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST ON THE SPOT

"The Summer Freshing"

BY THE BYSTANDER IN OCCUPATION

THE German has no summer holidays, as we know them. Instead he has a "Summer Freshing"—*die Sommerfrische*. The joyous abandon of the English summer holidays, the delightful sense of nothing being obligatory beyond getting up—sometime, feeding—at any old hour, and going to bed—at some time or other—is quite absent from the German idea. Rhineland is a favourite spot for "summer freshers" from all over Germany, partly, no doubt, because the latter's insignificant coast line could hardly provide accommodation for the millions who rush from the crowded cities in the hot months. So it is that at this season remote beauty spots and fashionable spas, which we have come to look upon almost as our own, are invaded by swarms of "unoccupied." Germans, swarthy Bavarians, amiable Saxons, almost-English-looking Hanoverians, and—alas!—bull-necked, square-headed, aggressive Prussians in their thousands brave the horrors of Allied suzerainty, and descend upon Occupied Territory. Even the little brown Turcos at Wiesbaden, and the big, coal-black, ever-smiling Senegalese at Bad Enns, fail to daunt the determination of the Sommerfrischler, *pace* the German anti-coloured troops campaign. If he is wealthy he goes to one of the spas, where he takes the cure with what (before the chaos of the Revolution) we used to call true German method. If he is poorer, he goes to a quiet village or isolated farm-house situated amongst the wild grandeur of the Eiffel or the softer charm of one of the valleys leading down to the Rhine.

Do not imagine he goes to these places to rest and do nothing.

"Proceeds methodically to tan his face"

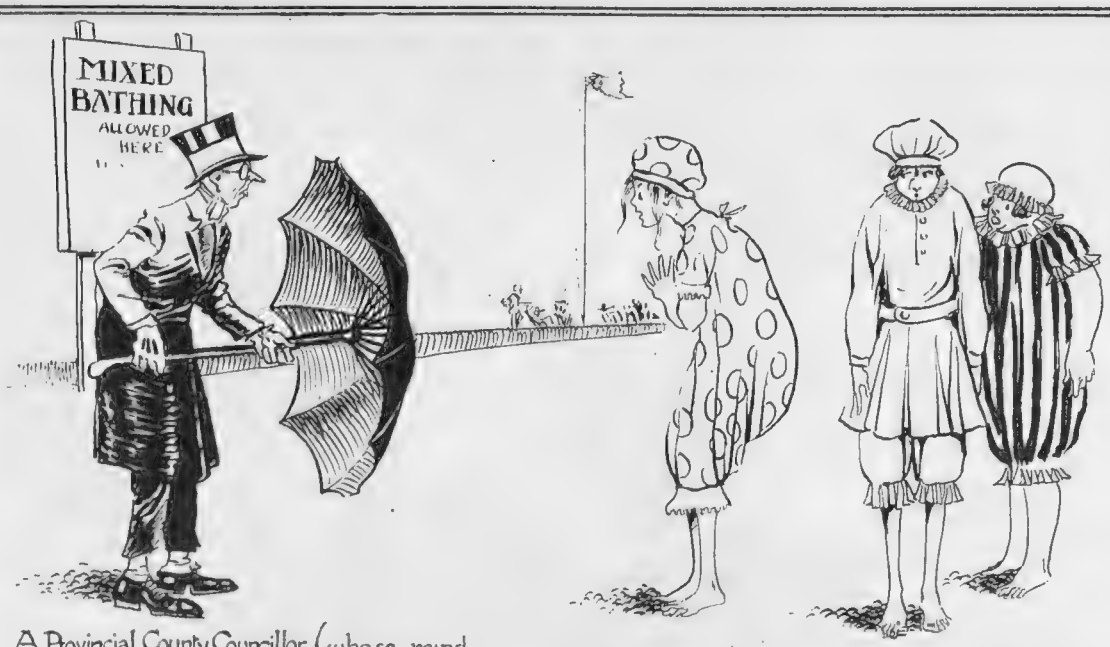
He is there to get a Summer Freshing—to absorb, in fourteen days, sufficient clean air, good country fare and Rhine wine to carry him through three hundred and fifty days of city life, "Ersatz" food, and two per cent. beer. Every detail of his diet has been specified to him in writing weeks before by his prospective landlady, and woe betide her who seeks to reduce his stipulated length of sausage by a single centimetre! Certain hours are sacred to fresh air and sunshine. During those hours, he chooses a spot where the maximum sun and wind are available and proceeds methodically to tan his face to the requisite shade. The rest of his daily programme is carried out with equal regularity and determination to get his money's worth.

NATURALLY, the Rhinelander himself, as Germany's super-holi ay-maker, does not carry out his programme with the regularity of Germans from "furrin parts," and shows a less offensively worthy, but more human tendency to laze. But even he takes the Sommerfrische far more seriously than we do our summer holidays. At other times he has, indeed, days of complete abandon, but they are those fixed, in Rhineland by the Church, in England by the bankers, as public holidays. Then he tramps out, his pack and blankets on his back, mandoline or guitar in hand, for one or two days' cheap recreation. He cooks his food in the open, and sleeps by night in barn, skittle-alley, or, if fine enough, in the woods. Let the farmer or peasant who begrudges him his modest lodging look well to his apples and plums. The line between *meum* and *tuum* is probably finer drawn in the Vaterland to-day than anywhere—except "free" Russia—in Europe!

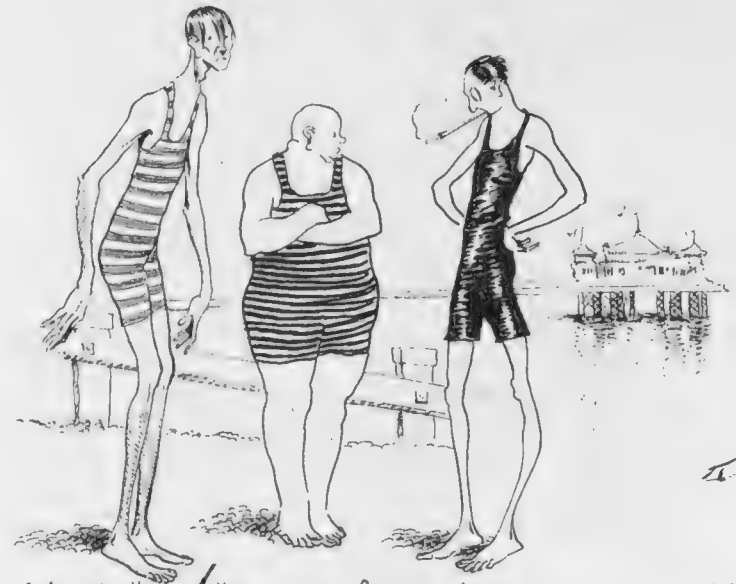
WE, of the British Colony, civil or military, often find the charms of Rhineland holding us back from "home leave." Many a wife packs her goods, chattels—and brassard—in a bag and disappears for fourteen days with her lord and master into one of the old-world villages in the hills, where the two-spanned wagons are still drawn by oxen, and the local inn manages with difficulty to raise one bathroom (but invariably has electric light), or helps him to pull a lazy oar on the sunny Moselle or catch mighty trout on the swift-flowing Aar. ERIC GORDON.

"One of the old-world villages in the hills" By H. L. OAKLEY

The Story of a County Councillor—



A Provincial County Councillor (whose mind is still way back in the dark ages) pictures our Beach Nymphs thus. He reckons them as but salvage goods in the matrimonial market



While admitting that some of our Adonises are slightly limp - swollen - or warped in the wash

At least our modern sea maidens are a direct incentive to marriage

The Councillor may yet find out "what the wild (would be) wives" are saying about him

BY LAURIE TAYLOR

—And the Bad End to which he may yet come

"Lest We Forget"

BY CHAS. CROMBIE

LT.-COL. GOTTEMALL GOES FOR A BATHE

BY APPOINTMENT

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SPORTS AND PASTIMES

Photograph THE SPEEDIEST THING AFLOAT *Sport and General*

Mr. Garfield A. Wood's "Miss America," winner of the British International Motor-Boat Trophy which was raced for in Osborne Bay last week. Two American and three British boats took part in the contest which has now been won five times by each of these two nations

MOTOR-BOATING

An American Triumph

THE results of the races for the British International Motor-Boat Trophy in Osborne Bay last week show that in the construction of racing motor-boats America has caught up and passed us in the six years during which we have unavoidably been "otherwise engaged." We had not been beaten in this contest since 1911, but America's win last week was such a convincing one that it is evident that we shall be hard put to it to make up the leeway in the future. The winning boat, Mr. Garfield A. Wood's *Miss America*, attained to a speed, on occasions, of over 50 knots, and her mean speed for the whole course on the second day was 53.42 knots, as compared with 48.39 knots, which was the speed of Sir E. Mackay Edgar's *Maple Leaf IV.*, the winner in 1913. This means an increase in speed of over 5 knots in the course of seven years in spite of the intervening war. Another feature of the racing was that on each day all the five competitors completed the course, a thing which has never happened before. It, of course, indicates a vast improvement in the reliability of these craft, despite the tremendous strain to which they are subjected even under favourable weather conditions when going "all out." America and Great Britain have now each won the trophy five times, and France has won it once.

CRICKET

Covering the Wicket

COLONEL PHILIP TREVOR, one of the most interesting and authoritative writers on cricket of the present day, has expressed the opinion in a recent issue of the *Daily Telegraph* that the rule which prohibits the protection of the wicket against rain by any sort of covering should be abolished. He says that bad weather has forcibly drawn the attention of all cricketers once more to a long-standing eye-sore of the cricket field—the spectacle of "no rain, but no play." He foresees that first-class cricket will become more, rather than less, expensive in the future, and he contends that if it is to maintain its popularity with the public—upon whom it depends principally, of course, for its financial success—play must be possible unless it is actually raining.

Photograph *G.P.U.*

MISS EILEEN ARMSTRONG

Lady champion of the Amateur Diving Association, who has been chosen with Miss Belle White, the open champion, to represent Great Britain in the forthcoming Graceful Diving competition at the Olympic games

What the Public Wants

HE admits that cricket is about the cheapest form of public entertainment, but he argues that as long as the pitch is at the mercy of the weather the onlooker is only paying for the chance of seeing enough cricket to recompense him for his outlay, and that he would be prepared to pay double for a certainty. "Create a practical certainty," he says, "by covering your wicket, and you will solve your financial problem once and for all," and he hopes that during the winter the M.C.C. Committee will deal calmly and judiciously with the question.

More Easily Said than Done

FOR the proposition itself there is no doubt a great deal to be said, nor have I any

(Continued on page 446)

JOHNNIE WALKER TRAVEL SERIES. NO. 11.—JAPAN.

JOHNNIE WALKER: "It is a wonderful country this land of the Mikado."

PERSPIRING TOURIST: "I'll bet your name is not upon the list of the things that 'never will be missed.'"

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Photograph *Sport and General*

SEAMANSHIP EXTRAORDINARY

The 15-ton ketch Typhoon which was recently sailed across the Atlantic from New York to Cowes by Mr. William Nutting of New York and two companions. She was at sea for twenty-two days and although equipped with a motor did the whole trip under sail

use for those who condemn it as a new-fangled notion which does violence to the traditions of cricket. As Colonel Trevor points out, the reason why cricket flourishes to-day is not because we have declined to amend its laws and practices, but because we have amended them. There still remains, however, the question how the covering of the wicket is to be carried out, and this is by no means as simple a matter as Colonel Trevor seems to think. Lawn tennis is a game in which the covering of the court to protect it from rain is permissible, and yet the practical difficulty of covering (and uncovering) a court in a manner which is at all satisfactory is so great that the practice is very seldom resorted to.

The Shortcomings of Tarpaulins

I KNOW from experience that to cover a piece of turf with tarpaulins laid flat upon it is at best but a risky experiment. Grass so covered very soon begins to perish for want of air, and if the grass is allowed to get at all wet before the tarpaulins are put on (which is bound to happen when rain comes on unexpectedly) the ground "sweats" and is as unplayable when they are removed as it would have been if left unprotected. Moreover, the rain which falls on the tarpaulins must go somewhere and, consequently, the turf in their immediate vicinity gets a double dose.

Wanted—An Inventor

THE only really satisfactory grass-cover in existence to my knowledge is the costly and elaborate tent-like appliance which is used to protect the centre court at Wimbledon, but it would be clearly impossible to rig up such an appliance, most of the plant for which is permanent and immovable, on a cricket field, and until some inventor comes along with a perfectly simple and easily manipulated device for protecting grass from rain without actual covering it up, I doubt very much whether the covering of the wicket will ever be found to be a practicable proposition.

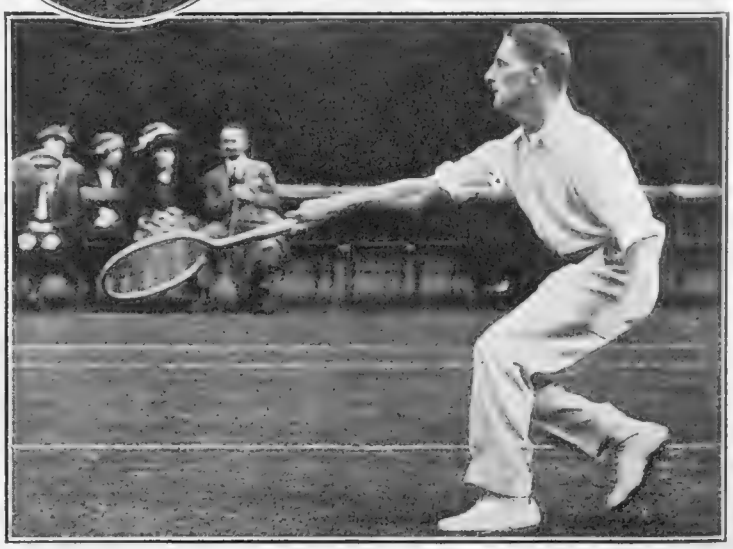
THE LATE MR. WALTER WINANS
A Wonderful Veteran

MR. WALTER WINANS, the veteran sportsman who died suddenly while driving in a trotting race at Parsloes Park last Thursday, was so wonderful and so versatile a man that he could probably have excelled at any sport which he might have chosen to take up, and it seems almost a matter for regret that one of his chief hobbies was trotting — a sport which only appeals to a limited few in this country. In the show-ring his activities were more known and better appreciated, and he will be missed in particular at Richmond and Olympia, where he used to show in person and with obvious pride his beautifully trained harness horses. For the rest he was a crack shot, a big game hunter and a sculptor and painter of much talent. H.S.S.

Photograph *Sport and General*

"RANJI" REDIVIVUS

The Maharajah of Nawanagar who has recently "come back" to first-class cricket and has shown much of his old skill as a batsman while playing for Sussex



Photograph] [*L.N.A.*

C. R. READ

Who recently won the professional lawn tennis championship of Great Britain by beating the holder, Charles Hierons. This championship was only instituted last year, when it was awarded to Hierons, who was the only entrant, so that this year's contest was the first of its kind. Hierons and Read are both attached to Queen's Club

RACING·NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

In the North

THERE is a certain charm about the North Country meetings which appeals to the visitor from the south. You seem to get into a new environment in the club enclosures and the chief rings at fixtures such as Redcar last week. This seaside fixture is splendidly supported by the county people, and you meet quite a different lot of folks from those who do the round of meetings in the south. The *hoi polloi*, too, are very keen on the sport, apparently taking a greater interest in the horses apart from the betting than the patrons of the south-country rings do. It seems strange to the mere southerner to hear the chances of such stables as Lund's and Tinsley's and Vasey's being earnestly discussed. They don't know a great deal about Mr. Gilpin or Mr. "Dick" Dawson up North, but they have a great respect for Captain J. Renwick, while Dobson Peacock's name is a household word.

Fluctuating Form

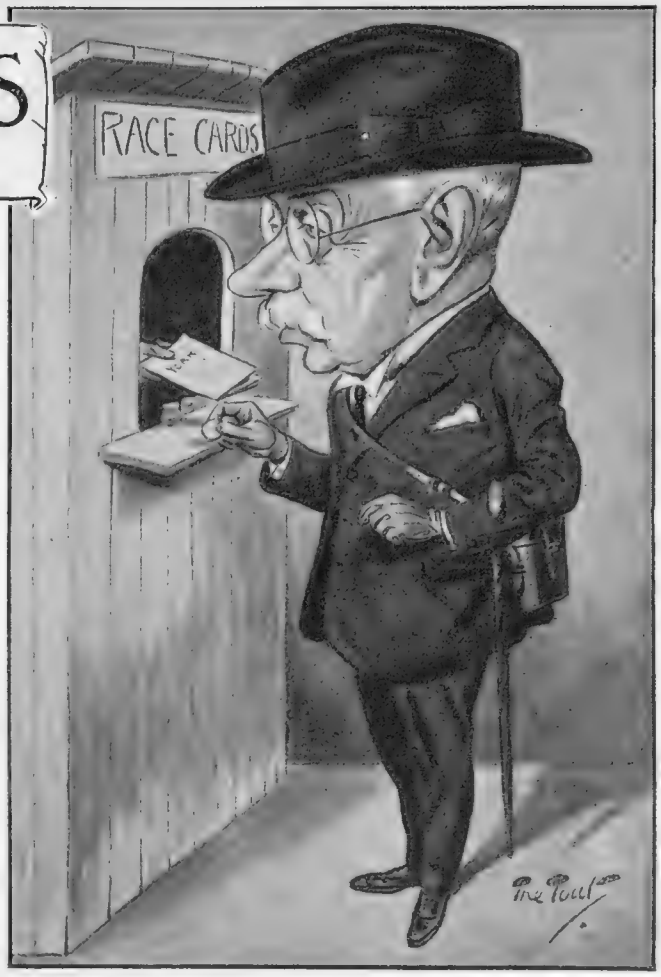
EVERY race meeting one attends reveals fresh evidence of the fact that horses cannot always be expected to run like well-oiled machinery. The art of the trainer is to bring his horse to the post at his fittest and best. Yet every trainer knows that horses unaccountably have their off days, which lead to the bewilderment of all connected with them. Look, for example, at the last two performances of Missinaibi. At Goodwood, when odds were confidently laid on her, she could scarcely raise a gallop, and was beaten fully a dozen lengths by Sundart. Yet in the Redcar Foal Stakes last week she started at 10 to 1, and won in good style from the raging favourite Pharpar.

An Uncertain Filly

I HAPPENED to have a chat with Missinaibi's trainer immediately after her defeat at Goodwood, and he did not attempt to make any excuses for her. He knew that she could have done much better had she chosen to put any heart into her work. These are the sort of animals which sadly harass the backers and enrich the bookies. I generally find it best to leave them severely alone. If they lose, I save money; if they win—well, I don't repine. I found the Redcar meeting thoroughly enjoyable. It is particularly well run, and has an enterprising management.

The Autumn Double

ENTHUSIASTS are now engaged in searching through the entries for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire with a view to find a likely double. Some bookmakers are still offering 1,000 to 1 that you do not spot the two winners. Seeing that there are approximately 100 horses in each event the task is tremendous. Still, it is a fascinating pursuit, and the reward is substantial if you happen to strike lucky. The great thing for the early punter is to try to pick two animals which are reasonably certain to run, and I do not think you will go far wrong with Gay Lord and Fancy Man. The prospect of fine autumn racing is alluring. In the Doncaster Cup we ought to have a splendid struggle between Buchan and Tangiers.



BY "THE TOUT"

THE MARQUIS OF ZETLAND

With the big York Meeting next week, and the grouse on the wing, our thoughts fly northwards to Yorkshire sportsmen. Here is one who upholds all that county's great traditions. Lord Zetland is a keen fox-hunter, game-shot, and fisherman, and there is no more popular win in the North Country than when the Marsk spots flash first past the post

This Week's Meetings

THERE promises to be a very successful meeting at Stockton this week. I remember that at this fixture last year the South Country horses had matters pretty much their own way, but the Northern stables are much stronger now and are likely to hold their own. In the Stewards' Handicap on Wednesday Melton, who has been a regular bogey horse for backers, may turn up at last, but I think the issue will rest between **Carapace** and Marl, and I have a slight preference for the former. On the following day the Wilton Welter may be taken by **Oliviero.** The Bath Handicap on Wednesday may be won by Mr. Watkin Williams with **Sober Wisdom** or **Gilded Spurs** while in the Grosvenor Handicap on the second day of the meeting **Aeon** has a chance. At Hurst Park on Friday, **Northern Light** is my selection for the Wilderness Handicap, and I expect to see **Piræus** win the Nonsuch Handicap on Saturday.

The Literary Log

Rolled by Ralph Straus

FOR a first novel Jane Mander's *The Story of a New Zealand River* (Lane: 8*s.* 6*d.* net) has every right to be called remarkable. The writer has not borrowed wholesale from books, but discovered things for herself—one of the first rules in writing a novel. In this unusually long, but by no means too long, book, you have for a background one of those pioneer timber settlements far away from what people like to call civilization. The story itself, very cunningly developed, centres about a puritanical Englishwoman with children, accustomed to things as we know them at home, dutiful, narrow-minded, lonely. Her husband is just the man you might imagine would be a successful pioneer, and before you have read very far you feel that Alice Rowland has come to the one place in the world where life will never go right for her unless she sloughs off all those absurdities of convention with which her kind love to surround themselves in the Old Country.

PRINCESS OBOLENSKY-YOURIEVSKY
Daughter of Alexander II. of Russia ("the Liberator"), who escaped from the Bolshevics with her husband early this year, and is now in England. She has a fine voice, and recently gave a very successful concert at the Queen's Hall

THERE come complications which are almost too big for her. There is David Bruce, her husband's "servant," in reality a medical man who afterwards becomes his partner. Her relations with David are described with a wonderful delicacy. And then there is Asia, her daughter—decidedly of the new generation which does not accept nineteenth century precepts. You feel, of course, that Alice and David cannot continue to be just friends for ever, but read on contentedly, sure in the belief that the writer is capable of devising a suitable way out of the difficulty. And, as it happens, there are some unusually brilliant scenes before the terrible affair of Rowland's death. Jane Mander is, indeed, a name to remember. Her book is dramatic throughout. It embraces problems of universal interest, it tells of unfamiliar places, it is carefully written. I cordially recommend it for leisurely reading.

MESSRS. MAPPIN AND WEBB send me a most beautifully produced volume called *The Romance of the Jewel*, by Francis Stopford. The letter-press is admirably done, while the illustrations, many in colour, are simply superb. Mr. Stopford writes for the reader who is ignorant of the jeweller's art, and in addition to describing the romances which have wound themselves about historical stones, gives enough technical information to make you understand the methods adopted by the best cutters and the chief features for which connoisseurs are on the look-out. The score of full-page plates are really fine; some of them deserve frames to themselves. And their selection is good. Many of the most precious treasures now in South Kensington are reproduced in colour, and everyone who has had a hand in the production may be congratulated upon a book quite out of the ordinary.

WITH each new book of his which appears in this country Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer, from the point of view of the critic, takes up a more difficult position. *Linda Condon* (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.* net) is a piece of embroidery of a pattern that will not, I think, be universally appreciated. It is too exotic, although that is not the *mot juste*. Linda herself is one of those modern women who would probably be scandalized to be told that they are suffering from a well-marked neurosis. Fate, I can imagine people saying, has been unkind to her, for her youth is spent in hotels with a mother who is bent on having a good time. Mrs. Condon plays a game of men, and only stops playing it when her face begins to change in the way that no woman's face ought—in her own opinion—to change. Then she marries a sickly Jew.

LINDA'S view of life not unnaturally is off the normal, and when she meets Dodge Pleydon, the big sculptor, she is not too lucky, for Pleydon is one of those men whose love of beauty is so great (or so ill-balanced) as to unfit them for most things in this commonplace world. Here Mr. Hergesheimer goes off into a symbolistic adventure which, frankly, not many people will altogether understand. In any case, Linda, crystallizing slowly, marries a grave gentleman and has children and lives on through luxurious years in a sort of dream. Finally when she goes to her sculptor, it is to find that she is not really wanted.

IT is a strange book, full of its author's peculiarities, but equally packed with his brilliant interpretations of character. Pleydon may exist, but he would be an uncomfortable man to meet. Linda is a somnambulistic figure.

ABDULLA'S BEST
OR
INCENSE AND ASHES.

BY R. H. AND L. B.

DETECTIVE SHARK'S YOUNGEST DAUGHTER.

A PROMINENT SHARE-HOLDER IN THE BLITZ.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

SIR KENNETH SATINWOOD, *sportsman and millionaire, attending a performance at the Felicity Music Hall, is mysteriously spirited away from*

THE LADY SYRINGA SATINWOOD, *his bride of a week. Cast upon the world, she endeavours to earn a livelihood by selling bootlaces. At her last gasp, she is greeted by*

THE MAN WITH THE TWISTED NOSE, *a sinister figure who promises to reveal to Syringa her husband's whereabouts.*

ZARA, THE ORIENTAL SNAKE CHARMER, *and her colleague*

BONGO, THE BOA-CONSTRICTOR, *twin stars at the Felicity Music Hall are supping with Sir Kenneth at the Blitz Hotel. At the moment when Zara hails Sir Kenneth as her long lost husband, Syringa and the Man with the Twisted Nose enter the apartment, and Syringa in dismay faints backwards into the lift, while her companion is recognised by Zara as Andreas Zogolibowskivitch. Syringa disguises herself as a chambermaid and in that capacity overhears Andreas claiming Zara as his wife. Later the shrieks of Andreas being done to death cause her to faint. She recovers to find herself denounced by Zara as the murderess.*

DETECTIVE SHARK, *having arrested Syringa, observes Bongo swallowing the body of Andreas. Sir Kenneth, entering, faints on recognising his handcuffed wife.*

CHAPTER VII.
TRUTH WILL TRIUMPH.

THE rattling of Syringa's handcuffs roused Sir Kenneth from his swoon to observe Andreas' button-boots with suède uppers finally disappearing from view. The bloated Bongo, with a smile of utter repletion, rolled over and composed himself to slumber.

"Heavenly Powers, what means this?" asked Sir Kenneth dizzily. "'Tis well you should ask," said Detective Shark. "Those button boots enclosed the nether extremities of the victim on whose account your wife will hereafter stand in the dock on trial for wilful murder, before a jury of her fellow countrymen!"

Sir Kenneth calmly drew forth a solid gold cigarette case. All the Cigarettes it contained being ***fragrant and exquisite Abdullas,*** there was no need for him carefully to select one—he simply took the first that came. Inhaling the delicious aroma he turned a supercilious eye upon the minion of the law. "Your education in natural history appears to have been strangely neglected," he observed. "Are you not aware that the boa-constrictor will only devour the prey he has personally slain?"

"And to whom, may I ask, am I indebted for this information?" asked Detective Shark.

Syringa drew herself up to her full stature. "This," she said, "is my noble husband and big game hunter, Sir Kenneth Satinwood!" Deeply crestfallen, Detective Shark himself unlocked the handcuffs from Syringa's quivering wrists. "I appear to have been slightly at fault," he admitted. "If you will allow me, I will retire to measure the furniture in the adjacent apartment."

At Long Last!

CHAPTER VIII.
AT LONG LAST.

SIR KENNETH and Syringa stood face to face, palpitating with emotion. Sir Kenneth was the first to break the silence. "Syringa," he said—and the words seemed wrung from his inmost depths—"Heaven forgive me, I am not your husband!" For a moment, Syringa, with feminine perversity, toyed with him. "Indeed?" she replied, "pray explain!" "Because my lawful wife is Zara, the Snake Charmer; deeming her long dead, I married you!" "But," said Syringa, archly, "are you sure that you were truly wedded to Zara? How if I told you that till a brief half-hour ago Andreas Zogolibowskivitch was the lawful husband of that wicked woman?" With a crash they fell into each other's arms! . . . . .

Five minutes later Syringa found breath to ask for a Cigarette. As they both lit up ***Abdullas*** and inhaled the Oriental incense, Sir Kenneth murmured: "Without the charms and consolation of ***Abdullas Cigarettes*** should we ever have reached this happy goal?" Wrapt in a cloud of perfect fragrance, their lips were once more about to meet, when a loud report arrested them. Bongo had burst! [THE END].

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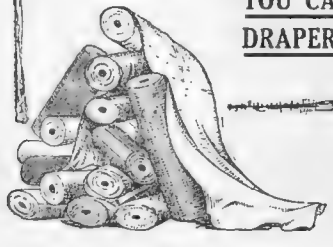

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NEW NONSENSE NOVELS
BY STEPHEN LEACOCK

NOVEL NUMBER THREE *(continued)* *ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK R. GREY*

III

I Must Buy a Book on Billiards

Kent turned to the Inspector. "Take me into the house," he said. Edwards led the way. The interior of the handsome mansion seemed undisturbed. "I see no sign of a struggle here," said Kent.

"No," answered the Inspector, gloomily. "We can find no sign of a struggle anywhere. But, then, we never do."

He opened for the moment the door of the stately drawing-room. "No sign of a struggle there," he said. The closed blinds, the draped furniture, the covered piano, the muffled chandelier, showed absolutely no sign of a struggle.

"Come upstairs to the billiard-room," said Edwards. "The body has been removed for the inquest, but nothing else is disturbed."

They went upstairs. On the second floor was the billiard-room, with a great English table in the centre of it.

But Kent had at once dashed across to the window, an exclamation on his lips. "Ha! ha!" he said, "what have we here?"

The Inspector shook his head quietly. "The window," he said, in a monotonous, almost sing-song tone, "has, apparently, been opened from the outside, the sash being lifted with some kind of a sharp instrument. The dust on the sill outside has been disturbed as if by a man of extraordinary agility lying on his stomach. Don't bother with that, Mr. Kent. It's *always* there."

"True," said Kent. Then he cast his eyes upward and again an involuntary exclamation broke from him.

"Did you see that trap-door?" he asked.

"We did," said Edwards, "the dust around the rim has been disturbed. The trap opens into the hollow of the roof. A man of extraordinary dexterity might open the trap with a billiard cue, throw up a fine manila rope, climb up the rope, and lie there on his stomach."

"No use," continued the Inspector. "For the matter of that, look at this huge, old-fashioned fireplace. A man of extraordinary precocity could climb up the chimney. Or this dumb-waiter on a pulley, for serving drinks, leading down into the maids' quarters. A man of extreme indelicacy might ride up and down in it."

"Stop a minute," said Kent. "What is the meaning of that hat?"

A light gossamer hat, gay with flowers, hung on a peg at the side of the room.

"We thought of that," said Edwards, "and we have left it there. Whoever comes for that hat has had a hand in the mystery. We think——"

But Transome Kent was no longer listening. He had seized the edge of the billiard-table.

"Look, look," he cried, eagerly. "The clue to the mystery! The positions of the billiard balls! The white ball in the very centre of the table, and the red just standing on the verge of the end pocket! What does it mean, Edwards, what does it mean?"

He had grasped Edwards by the arm, and was peering into his face.

"I don't know," said the Inspector. "I don't play billiards."

"Neither do I," said Kent, "but I can find out. Quick! The nearest bookstore. I must buy a book on billiards."

With a wave of the arm, Kent vanished.

"Gone!" he murmured to himself (it was his habit to murmur all really important speeches aloud to himself). "Now, why did Throgton telephone to me to put a watch on Kent? Ten dollars a day to shadow him! Why?"

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

IV

THAT IS NOT BILLIARD CHALK

MEANTIME, at the *Planet* office, Masterman Throgton was putting on his coat to go home.

"Excuse me, sir," said an employee, "there's a lot of green billiard chalk on your sleeve."

Throgton turned and looked the man full in the eye.

"That is not billiard chalk," he said, "it is face powder."

Saying which this big, imperturbable, self-contained man stepped into the elevator, and went to the ground-floor in one drop.

V

HAS ANYBODY HERE SEEN KELLY?

THE inquest upon the body of Kivas Kelly was held upon the following day. Far from offering any solution of what had now become an unfathomable mystery, it only made it deeper still. The medical testimony, though given by the distinguished consulting expert of the city, was entirely inconclusive. The body, the expert testified, showed evident marks of violence. There was a distinct lesion of the œsophagus and a decided excoriation of the fibula. The mesodenum was gibbous. There was a certain quantity of flab in the binomium, and the proscenium was wide open.

One striking fact, however, was decided from the testimony of the expert, namely, that the stomach of the deceased was found to contain half a pint of arsenic. On this point the questioning of the district attorney was close and technical. Was it unusual, he asked, to find arsenic in the stomach? In the stomach of a club-man, no. Was not half a pint a large quantity? He would not say that. Was it a small quantity? He should not care to say that it was. Would half a pint of arsenic cause death? Of a club-man, no, not necessarily. That was all.

The other testimony submitted to the inquest jury brought out various facts of a substantive character, but calculated rather to complicate than to unravel the mystery. The butler swore that on the very day of the murder he had served his master a half-pint of arsenic at lunch. But he claimed that this was quite a usual happening with his master. On cross-examination it appeared that he meant Apollinaris. He was certain, however, that it was half a pint. The butler, it was shown, had been in Kivas Kelly's employ for twenty years.

"'That is not billiard chalk,' he said, 'it is face powder'"

The coachman, an Irishman, was closely questioned. He had been in Mr. Kelly's employ for three years—ever since his arrival from the old country. Was it true that he had had, on the day of the murder, a violent quarrel with his master? It was. Had he threatened to kill him? No. He had threatened to knock his block off, but not to kill him.

The coroner looked at his notes. "Call Alice Delary," he commanded. There was a deep sensation in the court as Miss Delary quietly stepped forward to her place in the witness-box.

Tall, graceful, and willowy, Alice Delary was in her first burst of womanhood. Those who looked at the beautiful girl realised that if her first burst was like this, what would the second, or the third be like?

The girl was trembling, and evidently distressed, but she gave her evidence in a clear, sweet, low voice. She had been in Mr. Kelly's employ three years. She was his stenographer. But she came only in the mornings and always left at lunch time. The question immediately asked by the jury: "Where did she generally have lunch?" was disallowed by the coroner. Asked by a member of the jury what system of shorthand she used, she answered "Pitman's." Asked by another juryman whether she ever cared to go to moving pictures, she said she went occasionally. This created a favourable impression. "Miss Delary," said the district attorney, "I want to ask if it is your hat that was found hanging in the billiard room after the crime?"

"Don't you dare ask that girl that" interrupted the magistrate. "Miss Delary you may step down."

But the principal sensation of the day arose out of the evidence offered by Masterman Throgton, general manager of the *Planet*. Kivas Kelly, he testified, had dined with him at his club on the fateful evening. He had afterwards driven him to his home.

"When you went into the house with the deceased," asked the district attorney, "how long did you remain there with him?"

"That," said Throgton quietly, "I must refuse to answer."

"Would it incriminate you?" asked the coroner, leaning forward.

"It might," said Throgton.

"Then you're perfectly right not to answer it," said the coroner. "Don't ask him that

(Continued on page 454)

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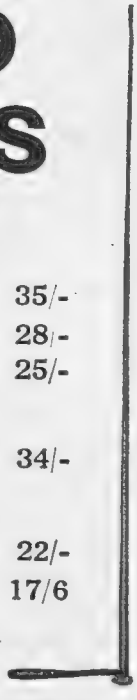

No. 10.

G. & J. ZAIR, 115, Bishop St., Birmingham.

NEW NONSENSE NOVELS (continued)

any more. Ask something else."

"Then did you," questioned the attorney, turning to Throgton again, "did you play a game of billiards with the deceased?"

"Stop, stop," said the coroner, "that question I can't allow. It's too direct, too brutal; there's something about that question, something mean, dirty. Ask another."

"Very good," said the attorney. "Then tell me, Mr. Throgton, if you ever saw this blue envelope before?" He held up in his hand a long blue envelope.

"Threatened to knock his block off but not to kill him"

"Never in my life," said Throgton.

"Of course he didn't," said the coroner. "Let's have a look at it. What is it?"

"This envelope, your honour, was found sticking out of the waistcoat pocket of the deceased."

"You don't say," said the coroner. "And what's in it?"

Amid breathless silence, the attorney drew forth a sheet of blue paper, bearing a stamp, and read:

"This is the last will and testament of me, Kivas Kelly, of New York. I leave everything of which I die possessed to my nephew, Peter Kelly."

The entire room gasped. No one spoke. The coroner looked all around. "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" he asked.

There was no answer.

The coroner repeated the question.

No one moved.

"Mr. Coroner," said the attorney, "it is my opinion that if Peter Kelly is found the mystery is fathomed."

Ten minutes later the jury returned a verdict of murder against a person or persons unknown, adding that they would bet a dollar that Kelly did it.

The coroner ordered the butler to be released, and directed the issue of a warrant for the arrest of Peter Kelly.

[Owing to the length of this exciting story it has been found necessary to publish it in four instalments instead of two as usual. It will accordingly be continued next week, and concluded in the following issue]

Photograph **A SUN-BATH BY THE SEA: MISS HILDA BAILEY** *Compton Collier*

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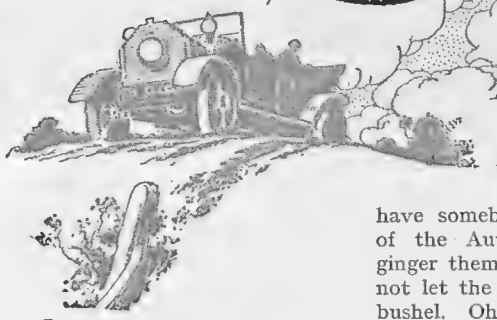

I CAME across a letter the other day written to a trade paper complaining that our motoring newspapers did nothing but abuse the British industry, while, on the other hand, the American papers were loyal to their own manufacturers, and did nothing else but boost them in every issue as if nobody but the U.S.A. designers could make a motor vehicle that was worth considering. Perhaps there is some truth in this complaint. We are far too modest of our own achievements, we do not shout loud enough, in fact, it's considered bad form to shout at all, and we only whisper in soft, low voices that we do make motor-cars at all. Yet every rich American citizen of the U.S.A. buys a Rolls-Royce if he can get it, even Henry Ford rides in one, and Vauxhall and Sunbeam motor-cars are also to be seen there. Yet I have never heard any "banging on the drum" in regard to the desire of our "cousins" to own British cars, and as for the American Press announcing such a fact, they would sooner go out of business than do such a thing. "No, siree, I guess you Britishers had best go out of the automobile business," is their chief line of talk, and I sympathise with the British manufacturer who made the complaint that our writers are not loyal enough to their own countrymen's goods.

* * *

WHAT I want to know is, what on earth is the Association of British Motor Manufacturers doing to counter this? They have got an organisation, a secretary, council, and goodness knows what besides, but I do not remember ever receiving more than three communications from them, and then only to notify the election of the officers of the concern. "Heaven helps those that help themselves," and, 'pon my word, this crowd seem too bashful. I expect now I shall get a letter telling me I am carrying on the decrying of our British trade, but I deny this absolutely, as my motto has always been "British cars for British motorists," even if they have to wait for them.

* * *

IT seems a pity that the English makers do not have somebody like Stenson Cooke, of the Automobile Association, to ginger them up a bit. Stenson does not let the A.A. light remain under a bushel. Oh! dear no! "We get a new member every minute" is his latest stunt, and, what is more, the A.A. does, and now they have close on to 150,000 subscription-paying members. Some income, too, and they are not afraid of spending it on their service. Now the British manufacturers and the allied industries to motoring represent £100,000,000, and possibly more to-day with the need for increasing the capital required for all businesses under present conditions. Surely such huge financial interests can put up sufficient funds for a big publicity campaign to shout down all the American talk in the motoring papers. I offer this suggestion to them free, gratis, and for nothing, just simply as constructive criticism. If they want any help as to how to run such a propaganda there are plenty of writers on motoring matters who will tell them if they condescend to ask them, and, what is more, won't ask to be paid for the advice, as I believe that in their hearts those writers would only be too glad to see the British motor industry top dog if it was not that their business managers fill their space with imported cars' announcements, to the tune of three to one on what our home folk are doing. It is only in the small car lines that British makers really get a better show. So up and be doing, ye big car producers, and tell the public what fine fellows you are.

* * *

WHILE I am on this subject let me dispel a delusion, that is the so-called Colonial model. Because the U.S.A. cars had an extra road clearance of a few inches our chuckle-headed designers took it for granted that our British cars could not compete against them in our own Colonies. Believe me, the War proved conclusively that this extra inch or so of clearance was a holy fraud in actual practice, and our British cars used as War cars could get over the rough country where roads did not exist, and rocks and boulders did, just as well as, and better than, any of the "up-in-the-air" foreign-made ones. I made careful inquiries from the men themselves who drove both sorts in East Africa, West Africa, Mespot, Persia, and European War districts, and each one told me that not once had the British car clearance stopped their progress in any of these places, and our cars got everywhere the U.S.A. cars did, and many places where they could not.

* * *

YET I have never seen that given forth to the British motoring public nor to our Colonial friends, who are the ones it most concerns. Dear Bystanders, it's holiday time, so I make no apologies in rambling away off beaten tracks, as these remarks I know, are a bit off the line, but, like the American lady-help, who, on taking a new job, asked the lady of the house, "Do I wait or do you stretch at table?" we have been waited on too well in the past, and now we have to "stretch" to get anything at all for the good of this country.

OLD HY.

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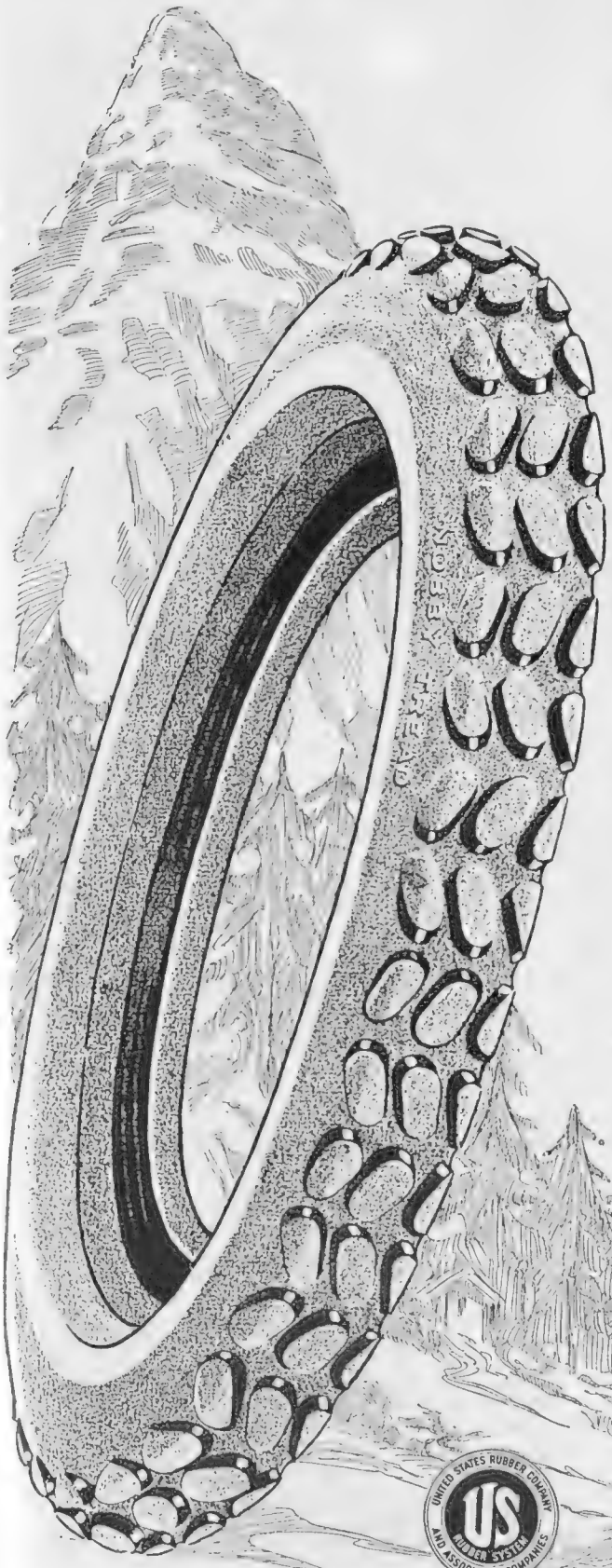

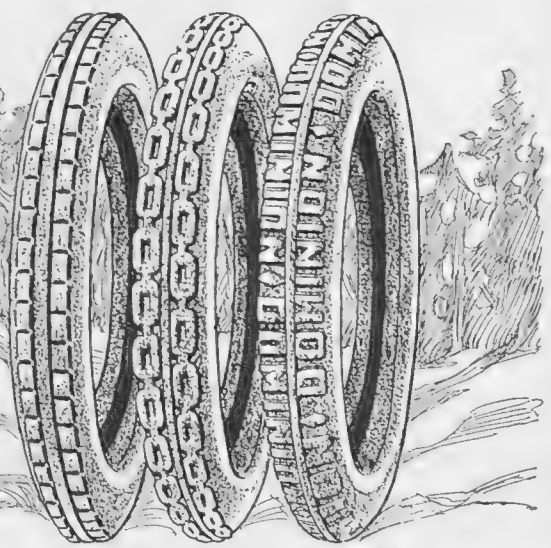

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Femina

Of August Nymphs and Bathing Dresses

SHE is a fascinating person—on paper. A figure that's "just right," and let me tell you that those figures are rare in a world where "the little more and how much it is, and the little less, and what worlds away" nearly always manage to spoil the perfect outline of nature. Art I will not mention, for the August nymph in a bathing dress has no use for it, for obvious reasons. She has a mop of curly hair—the permanent wave is said to be a joy for six months at least, and a complexion of milk and roses, before the sun and sea air have had time to do their worst with it. On paper, I grant you, she is all that she should be. But in reality, alas! I have yet to meet her.

WHEN romance weaves itself about a person or a thing it is easy to believe, although you have not seen. I did. Every cover of every summer number subscribes hopefully to the same faith. The Siren is on it all smiles and dimples and charming hair. The sky is blue, and the sea ditto, firing your August dreams. And that in spite of the blue jersey shapelessness which every draper spreads before you; in spite of red rubber bathing caps such as a goddess herself could not wear becomingly; even in spite of the poor wet things which your eyes have seen rising rather like seals after a plunge and not at all like Aphrodite from the foam. It is the Aphrodite myth that does it. The old Greeks had a sense of humour and that sea business was no mere accident. A woman who can rise magnificently perfect from the foam is superhuman, that's all. After such a feat the goddess of beauty well deserves her name.

NATURE unaided fails because wet hair *will* be wispy and the *tout ensemble* is seldom as Leighton painted it. In Chelsea nowadays no one sees as one saw in Melbury Road studios twenty years ago. But a sea nymph à la John is not a pleasant thing to look upon, nor is the real thing of blue jersey and red bathing caps, especially not when it is wet. And isn't it the whole point of it to be wet?

YOU may take it from me that the sea is no kinder abroad than it is in England. Perhaps you believed that at Deauville or at Ostend you would see the charming nymphs of the French comic papers? There society is supposed to go down to the sea in wonderful creations of waterproofed accordion pleated satin, in silk stockings, stays, and goodness knows what else. Perhaps it does, but the sea

(*Continued on page 460*)

"She is a fascinating person" By Norman Keene

TWO NEW HATS AND A DISTINCTIVE WRAP FROM PARIS

IN MOLE TULLE
For the crown, the brim being of black satin at back and side, white satin in front, and the whole trimmed with uncurled white ostrich
Model, Blanchot
Photograph, Talma

A CREAM GEORGETTE AND TULLE HAT
Trimmed with black-corded silk ribbon
Model, Lanvin
Photograph, Talma

A CHINCHILLA WRAP
Over a navy-blue gabardine frock, relieved with embroidery in white lace
Photograph, Talma

Exclusive to THE BYSTANDER

FEMINA (concluded)

works no miracles here any more than elsewhere. The satin creation seldom leaves its bathing tent and wisely never attempts to get wet at all. Therefore, as a bathing dress, it cannot be taken seriously. Aphrodite in the foam is as conspicuously absent at Ostend as she is at Margate.

But on dry land Aphrodite at Ostend surpasses herself as usual. She makes up for the ugliness of a place which is got up like a middle-aged beauty who owes nothing to Nature. To improve a flat melancholy plain of dull sand dunes there is a magnificent sea front of gigantic hotels tailing off into ridiculous box-villas, chapels of ease built for the rich *bourgeoise* from Brussels. At night the humbler visitor whose hotel does not "command a sea view," turns out to see the rich man dine. In the huge windows of the Splendide there are still, or again, wonderfully *décolletée* ladies dining with grand dukes at tables known to be beyond price. Even the lamplit rooms of the villas make quite a good show. Through open windows the sound of many bands is wafted on the air, quite the most expensive sea-air in Europe. How much, I wonder, does it cost a breath?

I notice that the Hungarian band has lost its Magyar touch. Instead of a black coat adorned with braid fancies gone mad, the first violin and his companions wear an arrangement in white adorned profusely with trimmings of black and red. All the best bands, I am told, are Roumanian, though I fancied I recognised faces which had belonged to the bodies of Hungarian fiddlers before the War. One must live, you know, even if one has the misfortune to hail from Buda-Pesth. What's in a name anyway, so long as the music is good? Besides, the Roumanian idea is clean and economical. A few yards of Turkish towelling and some remnants of semi-oriental braid will clothe quite a respectable band. But the music is no more Roumanian than it was. Still, after a jazz one is grateful for anything.

CANDIDA.

By MRS. JACK MAY

Orgies in Organdi

Before the curtain is finally rung down on warm weather modes, very much more will be seen of that most alluring of summer fabrics, organdi muslin.

IN BLUE AND WHITE FOULARD
A dainty frock, with sleeves and frilling of organdi and a sash of green taffetas
Sketched by "Beta"

Fresh models in this transparency continue to appear, not the least attractive being those in some delicate colour unrelieved by any touch of contrast. A Nile-green organdi was charming, arranged with a flat little bodice and gathered tunic, the fulness of the latter accentuating the apparent slimness of the underskirt. The sole trimming consisted of pin-tucked bands of muslin, running twice round the tunic and across the front of the bodice, soft sash ends, also of organdi, tying in a baby bow at the back. The little halter collar was hem-stitched, as also the edge of the short sleeves, together with an effective square yoke movement in front of the bodice. The entrance was visibly conducted at the back by means of tiny green buttons and loops. There was a refreshing coolness about this frock that, given only sufficiently hot weather, would be a veritable joy to look upon.

Sashes and Sleeves

In addition to fashioning pretty frocks, organdi can do no wrong used in conjunction with soft silks and foulards. A black and white—or, rather, white and black patterned foulard, since white dominated the situation—had the draped side panels on the skirt bordered with narrow kiltings of black organdi, the same finishing the short sleeve and topping a folded waist-belt of the foulard. A long black chain accompanied this frock, which was worn with white stockings, black patent shoes, and the cutest thing in black satin toques, literally smothered beneath a forest of waving black osprey.

Organdi sashes and sleeves frequently occur on both silk and serge frocks, and "Beta" has seized upon this *imprévu* suggestion to enhance the charms of a simple frock of blue and white foulard, frills of the organdi (which, by-the-by, is white) trimming the long straight tunic. Although the idea of a renovation scheme was far from her thoughts when designing this original *chic* little gown, it

(*Continued on page 462*)

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EAU-DE
COLOGNE

Since Queen Victoria's Early Days
British & Best
ESTABLISHED A. D. 1837.

LUCY LUCE (1837): "Have you your shopping list complete?"
FAIR FRIEND (1847): ". . . . two skeins of silk, a shawl and some perfume."
LUCY LUCE: "La! my dear—never say 'some perfume,' but always Luce's Eau de Cologne."

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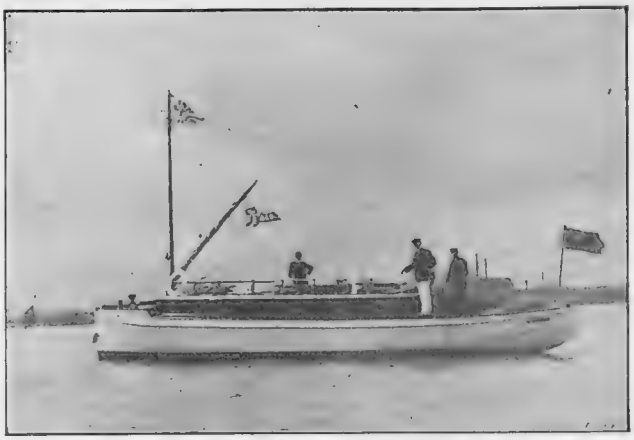
Never out of fashion. Always in favour by ladies, and one of the few perfumes that a man will use. Gloriously invigorating. LUCE'S JERSEY HEATHER has a delightful fragrance. If your chemist cannot supply you, order from Luce's Retail Depots, 179, High Street, Southampton, or 3, Ranelagh Street, Liverpool.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

will doubtless appeal to many who are possessed of a rather dashed foulard or taffeta frock of this description how a touch of organdi in the guise of long, loose *pagode* sleeves, sash, and frills would furbish it up and give it quite a fresh lease of life.

The New Neck Line

VERY strenuous efforts are being made to bring in the high choker type of collar, and several advance models emanating from renowned Paris Houses show bodices carried very high about the throat, regardless of the fact whether the sleeves are short, elbow-length, or long. A rucked collar cut in one with a short-sleeved Magyar bodice is a novelty, this, after closing to the summit of the throat, parting gradually to reveal a waistcoat movement that is continued to the hem of the skirt, robe-fashion, a sash of some soft material tied in an outstanding bow at one side. Again, a high straight collar band, closing at one side with a pronounced loop, will be surmounted by a high, pleated frill, not necessarily of a transparency, but frequently of the stuff of which the frock is made. A V-neck opening will have a great pleated ruffle, set up high at the back and cleverly manœuvred into revers in front, or else an upstanding Medicis affair of organdi will occur at the back only.



THE "PYRENE" FIRE PATROL BOAT

At the British Motor Boat Club Races recently held at Poole. It was on duty in the harbour ready to go to the assistance of any motor boat on which a fire might break out

Eau-de-Cologne

An excellent Eau-de-Cologne which I can thoroughly recommend to readers of this journal is the Hansa Platz brand. It costs no more than many inferior qualities and is a most refreshing and lasting scent. The price is from 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per bottle upwards, according to size, and the address of the wholesale depôt is Black Bull Works, Caledonian Market, N. 7.

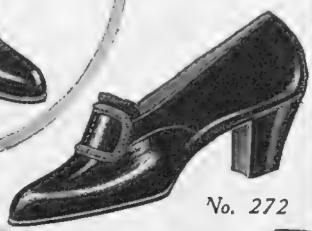
Deepdene

Some places which have attractive names belie them. Not so Deepdene, near Dorking. Conspicuous among Surrey's beauty spots, it has not inaptly been described as a "Garden of Eden." The stately mansion, associated with the name of "Anastasius" Hope, who owned it, has now been converted into a hotel of the highest class, and, judging by the opening luncheon, genially presided over by Mr. Noel Hammersley, the cuisine is as choice as the surroundings are idyllic. Within easy reach of London, Deepdene yet enjoys all the advantage of undisturbed seclusion amid its spacious and superb grounds, and is under the able management of M. E. Detournay.

"Queen" Shoes

ROYAL QUALITY

No. 229



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QUEEN SHOES are made in all styles suitable for Walking, Promenade and Evening Wear.

They can be inspected and obtained at the Highest Class Footwear Establishment in your district

JOHN BRANCH, Ltd., London, E. 1. & Northampton

Inspiration and it's Natural Expression

THE inspiration of all music is Nature herself, the plash of running waters, the murmur of the woodlands, the songs of the birds—from these first flowed music into the soul of man.

For the natural expression of this inspiration the World's Greatest Artistes turn to-day to the Chappell—evolved by the foremost craftsmen in British Industry from close-grained woods of noble trees, and pure metallic ores, drawn from the self-same source as inspiration itself.

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London Showrooms:

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Cool clean & fresh

Get that delightfully cool, clean Klenzo feeling into your mouth. See how Klenzo whitens your teeth—frees your mouth from stale secretions and makes your breakfast taste so much better.

KLENZO DENTAL CREME

is snow-white, smooth and creamy—does not scratch the enamel. It is a Rexall product and sold on the principle of 'Satisfaction or money returned.'

Get a tube of KLENZO to-day from the Rexall Chemist in *your* town.

1/3

If you do not know the address of your nearest 'Rexall' Chemist, we will gladly send his name on request.
United Drug Co., Liverpool.

Pascall
CRÊME DE MENTHE

(NON-ALCOHOLIC).

A delicious sweet, delightfully refreshing—just the very thing for a hot day or immediately after the bathe.

Though non-alcoholic, Pascall Crême de Menthe possesses the true liqueur flavour. It appeals to the palate of practically everyone. A splendid sweet for any time, but ideal as an "after dinner" digestive.

1/6 and 2/10 tins.
Of Confectioners everywhere.

JAMES PASCALL LTD.,
LONDON, S.E.

Also get Pascall "Versailles" Chocolates, 6/- per lb.

A Lily with the Colour of a Rose

HOLIDAY exposure causes the skin to become red, rough, sore, and eventually to peel. The best-known preventative—and a most delightful one, too—is a light touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream on the face, neck and hands night and morning and before going out. Pond's vanishes immediately without massage, leaves no sticky or shiny surface, and keeps the skin tissues fresh and supple so that they are able to resist the scorching effect of the sun and become a charming, natural, healthy colour. Mme. Kirkby Lunn, Miss Constance Collier, Miss Neilson Terry, Mme. Pavlova, and many other ladies famous for their charm have testified to the efficacy and delightful simplicity of Pond's—the original—Vanishing Cream.

"IT SOOTHES AND SMOOTHS THE SKIN."

Of all Chemists and Stores, in handsome Opal jars, with aluminium screw lids, 1/3 & 2/6, and collapsible tubes, 1/3.

Ponds Vanishing Cream

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY (Dept. 101)
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Shoes the Army Gymnasts Use

The wonderful white-clad army gymnasts, whose displays of skill and strength are a feature of every military tournament, use Red Raven Sports Shoes because they *must* have absolutely reliable footwear.

They demand extra strength, flexibility and perfect foot-ease, and find these essentials in Red Ravens—Sport Shoes that are made to stand downright hard wear.

This Season Get Red Ravens—
Cost No More Than Inferior Shoes

In White Only, for Adults and Children.

Red Raven SPORTS SHOES

United States Rubber Company, Ltd.
47-48 Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4 (P5)
BIRMINGHAM LIVERPOOL GLASGOW

THE MENU

PURÉE OF GREEN PEAS.
SOUFFLÉ OF SPINACH.
STUFFED TOMATOES.
SOUFFLÉ OF CAULIFLOWER À LA BARONNE.
VEGETABLE CURRY.
STEWED CUCUMBER.

SOME DAINTY VEGETABLE DISHES

Purée of Green Peas

THIS is a useful recipe for peas which are too old to serve plainly boiled. Shell a pint of peas, boil them in a little water, with salt, a pinch of carbonate of soda and a little mint. When cooked strain them and pass through a sieve. Place the peas in a stewpan with 1 oz. of butter, season with pepper and salt and add one tablespoonful of cream (or the same quantity of condensed milk). Make very hot and serve. Broad beans can be cooked in the same way and served as a vegetable purée.

Soufflé of Spinach

Two pounds of spinach blanched and braised in margarine or butter for one hour. Put 2 oz. of butter into a stewpan, stir into it 2 oz. of flour and about half a pint of milk. Let it boil till thick, add 2 oz. of grated cheese and season to taste. Then add the spinach and the yolks of three eggs. Whip the whites very stiff and add them gradually. Bake in a good oven and serve immediately.

Stuffed Tomatoes

Choose large tomatoes, scoop out the insides, wash them in salt and water and let them drain on a sieve. Cook some rice until done (it takes fifteen minutes), dry it well and then stir into it some butter, a *very* little finely chopped onion and parsley. Fill the tomatoes with this and cook them in the oven until done. Be sure to have some butter on the tomatoes while they are cooking.

Soufflé of Cauliflower à la Baronne

Boil a good-sized cauliflower, cook until tender, then drain and cut up into neat pieces. Place in a buttered soufflé dish with alternate layers of raw shred tomatoes, season with a very little salt and pepper, and cover with the following sauce: Melt 2 oz. of butter, stir into it 2 oz. of flour, add half a pint of milk, the raw yolks of three eggs, a dust of cayenne pepper and salt. Stir till it boils. Add 3 oz. of grated Parmesan cheese and the whites of the three eggs whipped stiff. Mix well and pour into a soufflé dish. Bake twenty-five minutes. Either of these dishes, the spinach soufflé or the cauliflower are particularly recommended as a savoury.

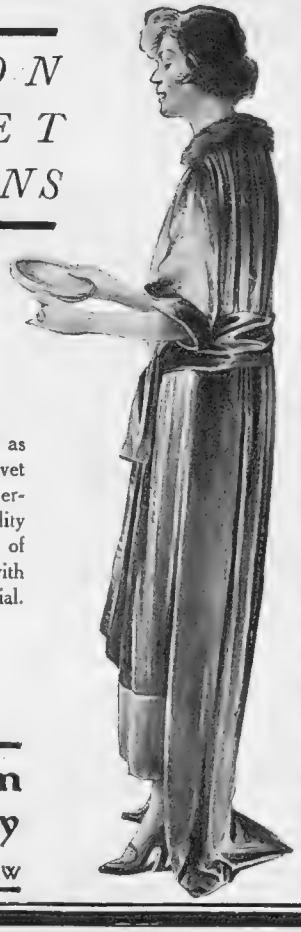
Vegetable Curry

Take some onions cut up very small, carrots, potatoes, peas, French beans, cauliflower, vegetable marrow or cucumber (in fact, any vegetables in season) and a large apple. Cut all into dice. Put into a stewpan with some butter and fry a light brown. Add good white stock or milk and stew all till tender. Mix into a paste some curry powder, flour and butter, and stir into the vegetables twenty minutes before serving and add a little chutney. Serve some well-boiled rice in a separate dish. Do not let the curry be too moist.

Stewed Cucumber

Peel a cucumber and cut it into rings about half an inch in thickness. Remove the seeds and boil it slightly in a little salted water with a pinch of carbonate of soda. When tender, strain, and add two teaspoonfuls of thick cream (or condensed milk), the juice of half a lemon and, if the milk is unsweetened, a little sugar. Serve as a garnish to cutlets, or as a vegetable. EMILIA

CHIFFON VELVET TEAGOWNS



We have now in stock a wonderful assortment of attractive and exclusive Teagowns, of which the sketch is an example.

GRACEFUL TEAGOWN, as sketch, with chiffon velvet panel forming a train, underslip and sleeves of good quality satin to tone, with hem of velvet, finished at neck with fur, and belt of self material.

Price
18½ Gns.

Debenham & Freebody
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W

KNITTED WOOL BEACH WRAPS

THESE attractive Wraps are quite the rage at the most fashionable Watering-places in France and at home. They are delightfully soft and warm, and at the same time most becoming.

BEACH WRAP, in pure wool, knitted from soft fleecy yarn, beautifully light and warm, very fashionable shape, in a special range of new Season's shades,

PRICE
6½ Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W 1

DERRY & TOMS

"Quality & Service"

Kensington High Street W.8.

Gowns of Quality

A Derry & Toms Gown is not merely an example of good workmanship and Value, it is more—it is a *Creation!* Here is a charming example.

'Evelyn'

This sweetly-pretty Tea or Semi-evening Frock is carried out in finest Ivory net with insertions of Filet lace. The medallions, which are outlined with a beige thread, give a striking effect to this already beautiful garment.

9½ Gns

CHILDRENS' CLOTHES

We have always in stock a large assortment of smart and dainty garments for little boys and girls.

SMART SUIT FOR LITTLE BOY in fine Navy Serge, with vest and border of striped poplin. In sky and white and cherry and white.

	Price
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Until the end of September all furs will be marked at Special Summer Prices. Fur renovations and remodelling should be put in hand now. The new Winter models are now in stock and can be copied.

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Wigmore Street.
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Measures 2½ by ¾ yards.
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Goods sent on approval on receipt of trade reference.

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FROM 39/6

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BLOUSES
FOR HOLIDAY WEAR.

These simple and inexpensive Blouses have been designed and made in our own Workrooms, especially for holiday wear. Although so moderately priced they follow the latest trend of fashion, and the materials used are invariably of our well-known high standard of excellence.

DAINTY BLOUSE, as sketch, made in Silk Georgette. Deep pleated frills form the fronts, sleeves and yoke put in with hemstitching. In ivory, mauve, pink, and sky.

PRICE **29/6**

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

A Confession

I don't like sitting still, but I'm trying hard to be good while I have my photograph taken, because Daddy says he is going to send it to Savory & Moore's just to let them see what a fine, big girl I am, all through taking their Food. I just love Savory & Moore's Food, and I think all little boys and girls ought to have it.

SAVORY & MOORE'S FOOD

Estd. 30 Years. Highest Awards, 32 Gold Medals.

HARRY HALL

"THE" Recognised HOUSE for
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42/- RIDING BREECHES
Best Value, Fit & Style obtainable.
Split Fall or Fly Front
Lace or Button Knees.

UNSOLICITED APPRECIATION
"Thanks for Breeches. They fit splendidly, & are most comfortable to ride in, being so cleanly cut at the knee. R.P.P."
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All leathers and styles.

PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED from simple self-measurement form.

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VISITORS TO LONDON can leave record measures or order. Fit same day.

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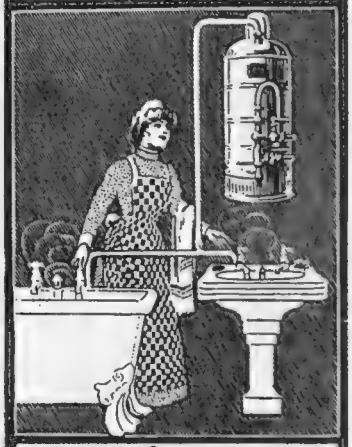
Instantly NIGHT or DAY



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ORIGINAL (Unsweetened) **in packets. Makes 2 gallons.**

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are home on holiday. Look to their feet and footwear NOW For health, comfort and wear buy
HALL & SONS' (Gold Medal) SANDAL-FORM FOOTWEAR
(in all sizes for Girls and Boys and Adults)
Special styles for School and Country. They save the children's feet and the parents' pocket.
WE CAN FIT BY POST
and if you send outline of foot drawn standing we will send
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Immediate and lasting relief.
Write for particulars of our
SEAMLESS FOOTWEAR
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The Easiest Boots in the World.

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Our Toe-cap Sandals, from 7/9 per pair, protect the toes but give them freedom. Also in adult sizes.
Our Gold Medal **SANDAL-FORM** Boots and Shoes save the children's feet and your pocket.

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FLEECY WOOL KNITTED COAT

made expressly for Harvey Nichols from soft fleecy yarn in Champagne/Beetroot, Terra Cotta/Grey, Lemon/Helio, Helio/Pink, Pink/Helio, Yellow/Saxe, Helio/Grey, Sky/Yellow, Saxe/Buff, Black/White and Cerise/Champagne.

EXCEPTIONAL VALUE

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VELOUR HAT

(as sketch) arranged with ribbon and wool cockade to tone. In black, navy, nigger, and a variety of colours.

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Kensington High Street, W.8.

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In Derry & Toms Tailoring you not only have Quality and Value but something more—the hand of a creative artist. An example:

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PICKLE

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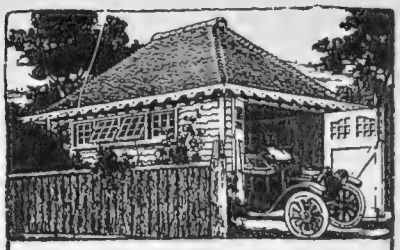

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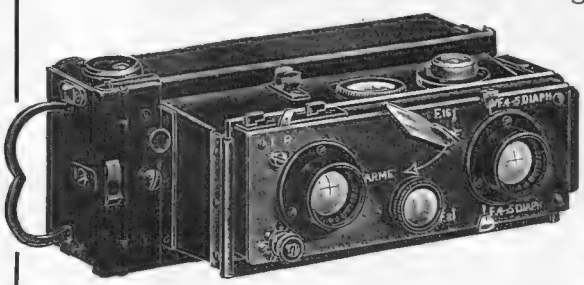

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,, 3	12in x 16in.	80ft.	1in	4in.	£6 10 0
,, 4	16in x 12in.	120ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£12 1 0
,, 5	16in. x 18in	160ft	1¼in.	5in.	£14 18 0
,, 6	16in x 24in	200ft	1¼in.	5in.	£18 5 6
,, 7	16in. x 30in	240ft.	1¼in.	5in.	£21 19 0

GREENHOUSE.	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.
No. 1	Boiler, 11 0	x 11 0	x 8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0	x 20 0	x 10 0
,, 2	,, 11 0	x 16 0	x 8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0	x 25 0	x 10 0
,, 3	,, 11 0	x 21 0	x 8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0	x 28 0	x 10 0

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Please say whether Drills or heavier Materials are wanted.
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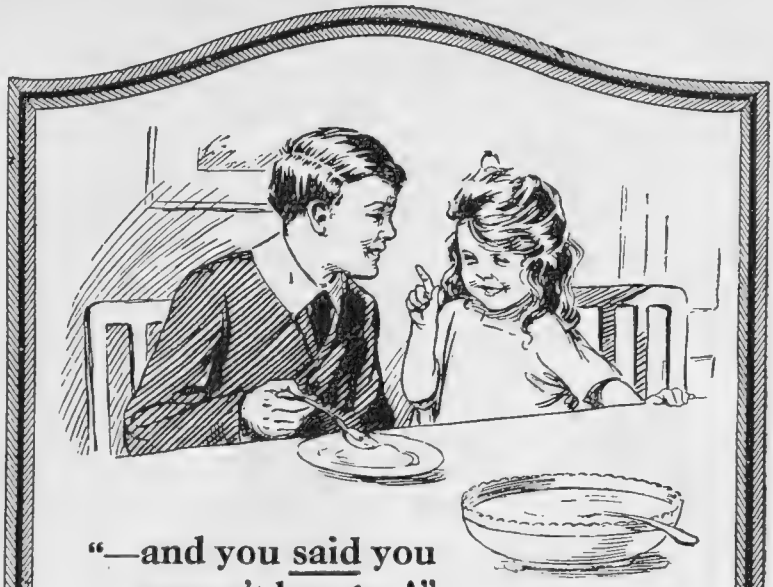

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Creamy, golden Bird's Custard is just the thing to tempt flagging appetites, and not over-strong children. Bird's Custard, with stewed fruit, is a dish truly fit for a king — or any of his subjects.

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Bird's
Nutritious Custard

is one of the most nourishing dishes you can possibly eat, since it adds 25% to the nutritive value of milk.

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Men's LIGHT-WEIGHT for SUMMER.
Thin and practically invisible . . . . . Per set 4/6

SOLES & HEELS
Men's Stout, 5/6
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Ladies' - 3/-
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HEELS ONLY
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FROM ALL BOOTMAKERS.
Slight extra for Fixing.

WILL SAVE YOU POUNDS IN A YEAR.

Phillips' 'Military'
SOLES AND HEELS
make one pair of boots last the time of three

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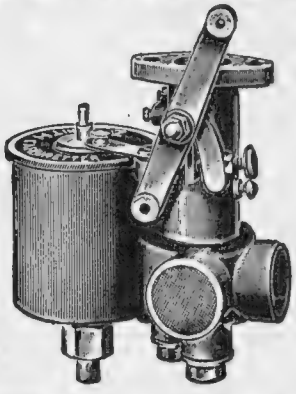

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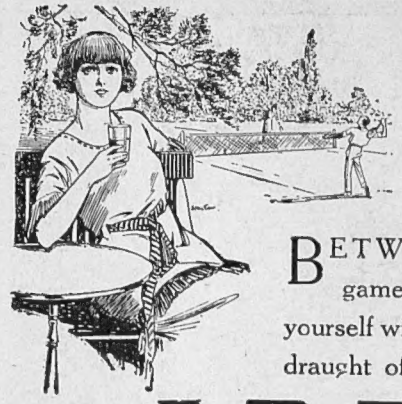

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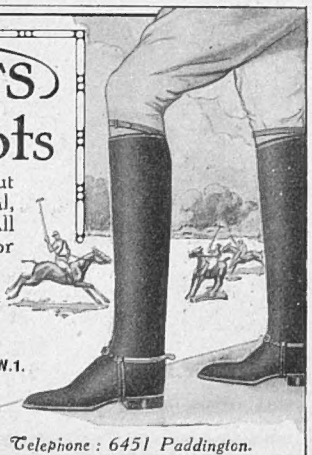

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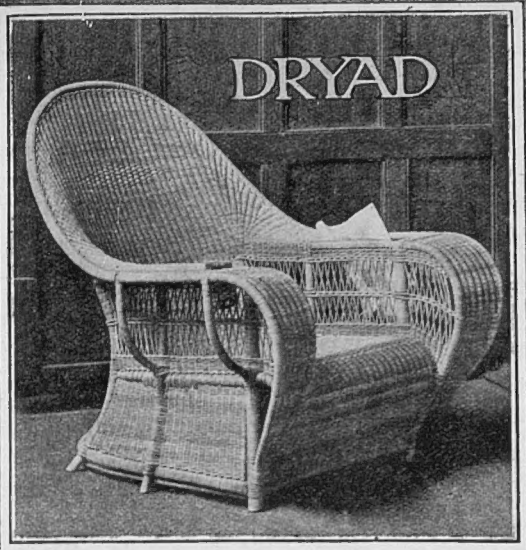

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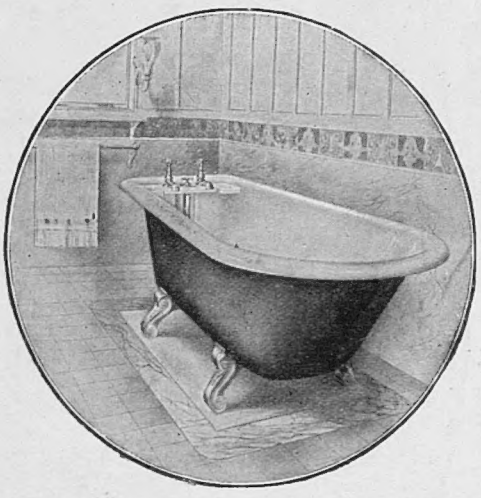

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